

Nixon's Asian Game Plan *Harold R. Isaacs*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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A Journal of Politics and the Arts – February 19, 1972, 50 cents

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The Gordian Knot – *The Editors*

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About the Authors

Martin J. Meyer is president of the National Depositors Cooperative Association. He also serves as Vice President and Secretary of Intercept Tele-Communications, Inc., a new international cable and telegraphic interception and forwarding organization. Mr. Meyer has written numerous magazine articles on banking, thrift, and inflation.

Dr. Joseph M. McDaniel, Jr., recently elected President of the World Health Organization, was Secretary of the Ford Foundation from 1953 until his retirement in 1967 and Dean of the School of Commerce at Northwestern University. His distinguished career includes government service with the Economic Cooperative Association.

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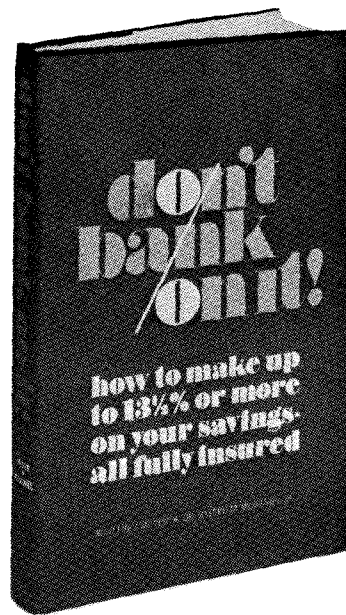
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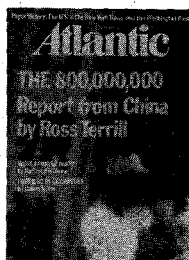
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First half
(November, 1971)

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Second half
(January, 1972)

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Upstaging the Economy

If the Democrats can't win the election this year they ought to quit as a party and go out of business. Maybe they should anyway. The fact is, the dominant issue in this election is likely to be economic and President Nixon has made a record that can hardly be described as anything but miserable. He has repeatedly contradicted old positions. He has seemed to extemporize. He found his original course so unsuccessful that he suddenly reversed it. He begins the election year with a record that is a setup for a hard-hitting opponent. We have a rather low opinion of the Democrats' hitting power. But the material is there if they find somebody to use it.

Let's be fair. We think Mr. Nixon's approach to mainland China is splendid. He hasn't wound down Vietnam as fast as we would like, but he has pulled back a lot of troops. We have given his plan for family assistance and a guaranteed income enthusiastic support every time he let us, though more and more he has seemed to be saying that what he chiefly wants is the compulsory job feature to make the idle bums work. We haven't been able to decide whether he really wants his welfare plan or whether it's just an election gimmick.

Mr. Nixon's economic record leaves no doubts. It is important, we think, to reduce the present big gap between the rich and poor in America. The effort to get a fairer distribution of income is running a race, we suspect, with social disaster. The conflict over who gets what is the dominant problem in Washington, and Democrats are just about as scared of it as Republicans though they do not have so many fat-cat campaign contributors breathing down their necks. Health, housing, schools - they all have got to have more money; almost certainly federal money.

Yet President Nixon's economic approach was not to put more spending power in the hands of the middle and low incomes; he set out to curb inflation by creating a recession (which he did punctually), but when new spending for goods didn't appear, with factory capacity 25 percent idle, he applied wage-price controls, along with massive tax cuts, most of whose benefits went to corporations.

The one big engine of economic equality is the graduated income tax. It puts a bigger burden on the wealthy than the poor. But Mr. Nixon in his budget message boasts, with no apparent reservation whatever, of having knocked \$22 billion a year off income tax rates, and shortly after comes through with the proposed national sales tax scheme. A poor man doesn't get relief from reduced income taxes, of course, because he doesn't pay any; and Mr. Nixon proposes to catch him with a national sales tax. That's the way to widen the income gap.

The President's broadcast about Kissinger's trips to Paris blanketed some of the bleakest economic news in a decade. Every year, late in January, comes "Economics Week" - the budget, the President's economic report, the report of the Council of Economic Advisers. Was it a coincidence that just at this point Mr. Nixon shifted attention to foreign affairs? Mr. Nixon in his first 18 months in office appeared 14 times on prime TV time, which more than equals the combined prime time of Presidents Johnson and Kennedy during their equivalent first 18 months. It's a good show, watching him, and soon we are going to get the Peking Spectacular. But it doesn't alter these facts:

- Mr. Nixon thought he was going to have a \$11.6 billion budget deficit but it turned out to be \$38.8 billion.
- The cumulative budget deficits so far are about \$80 billion and he's expected to go over the top with \$100 billion before his term ends.
- He is asking for a \$50 billion increase in the debt ceiling to a total of \$480 billion, the largest increase ever proposed in history.
- For the first time in the century the country has a trade deficit.
- He had to devalue the dollar, but announced it in his State of the Union message as "a major breakthrough."
- The country's reserve assets declined \$2.3 billion in 1971, which was the largest one-year decrease in history.

Well, so what? Personally we don't care about the millions and the billions so much, it's the values in human terms. Unemployment still averages around 6 percent and even the economic advisers think it will still be high, around 5 percent, by election time. In fairness, there is evidence that the economy is slowly getting better; the stock market has been going up (if somebody on welfare had bought Xerox stock he would have made a killing!), and the rate of inflation has declined. These credits must be entered in the ledger.

The fact remains that the administration still hasn't seemed to grasp that the remedy for poverty is identical with the policies needed to stimulate and stabilize the economy, that is to increase individual purchasing power.

How can one untangle investment tax credits, accelerated depreciation allowances, special benefits for foreign subsidies, and similar esoteric tax developments that are obscure even to the average lawyer? What they mean is that, at Mr. Nixon's request, there have been two big slashes in taxes of which the Revenue Act of 1971 will cost the Treasury \$9 billion a year over the next 10 years, of which \$8 billion goes to corporations.

Perhaps the man who is beginning to groan over his income tax can think about it this way. Last year 112 persons earning more than \$200,000 paid no tax. The mighty Standard Oil Co. of California, with net income before taxes of \$590 million, paid federal income tax at the astonishingly low rate of 5 percent. The average tax rate of the 19 largest oil companies was only 8.7 percent.

Enter Robin Hood

It's pretty hard to put life and emotion into statistics. But if the disparity of income isn't attacked one way it is apt to be another. Columbia professor Herbert Gans recently wrote that failure to reduce the gap "will probably lead to more unrest, particularly in the ghettos, and more crime in middle-class neighborhoods - for theft and burglary are, at least in part, methods of income redistribution to which the poor resort when society pays no attention to their expectations."

A gloomy thought, indeed! Much more cheerful to watch the next big TV spectacular, via satellite, Mr. Nixon and China's Great Wall.

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The Gordian Knot

H. R. (Bob) Haldeman has heretofore been punctilious about reflecting Mr. Nixon's views, and no other, so we take it that Haldeman's blast at the President's Vietnam critics was no slip of the tongue, and that the Boss won't be upset if word gets around that those who question his latest peace proposal are playing the Communist game. Henry Kissinger will have none of this nonsense, and the Secretary of State is too intelligent and decent to make so crude an insinuation. Still, Mr. Rogers adds his own contribution. Remarks like Senator Muskie's, he says, are "harmful to our national interest." The administration's director of communications, Herbert G. Klein, joins in by suggesting that "these aspirants to the nation's highest office, perhaps unwittingly, became a funnel through which propaganda from Hanoi seeks to further divide us over the situation in Indochina." Gerald Ford, the Republican leader in the House, follows up by telling the press that a settlement "could best be achieved if we had no undercutting of the President's efforts," and that Hanoi "might very well buy the idea of an election in South Vietnam if some Democratic leaders did not lead them to believe we eventually will simply turn South Vietnam over to them." But it is left to Mr. Haldeman to deliver the toughest punch: "The only conclusion you can draw now is that the President's critics are in favor of putting a Communist government in South Vietnam and are interested in seeing that that be done, too. . . . I think they are consciously aiding and abetting the enemy."

No one in his right mind would engage Mr. Haldeman in debate on so silly an allegation; no one could, for Mr. Haldeman is not available to be questioned or answered. It is worth pointing out, however, that the White House chief of staff misunderstands the nature of political responsibilities under our system of government: he scolds politicians for doing what they were elected to do. Members of the Senate can be fairly criticized for not taking seriously enough their constitutional responsibility for foreign affairs, for going along too complacently with the executive branch on Vietnam. But Mr. Haldeman reproaches them for doing exactly the opposite. Moreover, at least two of the senators he censures are candidates for the presidency and have therefore a special obligation to explain where they disagree with Mr. Nixon and what *they* would do about it. Equating opposi-

tion to presidential policies on Indochina with disloyalty, or irresponsibility, is old stuff, but no more admirable for that. Four years ago Vice President Humphrey hoped that the Paris talks would not become "an issue of conflict in the campaign," that there would be a "better chance for negotiations to succeed . . . if we do not weaken our position with Hanoi by loose talk." The Republican candidate, Mr. Nixon, took a similar line: to speak of starting to cut back our forces would leave the enemy "encouraged to believe that if they just wait, that they don't really have to negotiate now." Melvin Laird, then in the House, thought that any mention of possible US withdrawals was "dangerous." There's something more dangerous: casting critics in the role of subversives. It will be painful enough to back out of Vietnam; it will hurt less if there can be a general amnesty on impugning each other's motives.

This journal saw some hope of compromise in the Vietnam proposals outlined by Mr. Nixon on January 25. That hope has faded in the light of responses from Hanoi and the NLF in the past 10 days. But it did not occur to us then that because the President had spoken, further debate would be unpatriotic. Mr. Nixon must know that the only persuasive answer he can give his opponents, finally, is a policy that works, that works us out of Vietnam. If he can produce one between now and November, fine. But if he can't, it won't be the fault of the Democrats, Haldeman and Ford and Rogers and Herbert Klein notwithstanding. An unworkable policy is not made workable by bipartisan concurrence in it. The record of past failure not only allows but commands concerned citizens to advocate alternatives.

What has become plain in recent days is that as American power-in-place diminishes, the interest of the other side in compromise also diminishes. Three years ago, when Nixon first came into office, he might have had an assurance of six or seven years' freedom for Saigon from interference from the North, guaranteed by Russia and China and India. Today, he can't get anything like that. Now he must accept not only failure but defeat, putting the best face on it that he can. The US army is not only being withdrawn but has gone to pieces in the process. That is the bitter truth that McGovern and Muskie appear to understand. "It is not an easy thing," Muskie says, "for a great country to admit a mistake, but it is perhaps the definition of greatness in a country that it can." Since we cannot negotiate a settlement that is satisfactory to Nixon or Thieu, Muskie concludes that "our task is to leave Indochina, to leave it to the Vietnamese to work out their own peace, not to determine their destiny according to a plan written in Washington. . . . This disengagement, I believe, would set the stage for the Vietnamese to reach a political settlement *among themselves*." (Italics added.) He proposes that the President "set a date when we will withdraw every soldier, sailor and airman, and stop all bombing and other

American military activity, dependent only on an agreement for the return of our prisoners and the safety of our troops as they leave." On the political side, he would have Washington "urge the government in Saigon to move toward a political accommodation with all the elements of their society." How Mr. Muskie interprets "urge," we do not know. But the logic of his statement is authentic Vietnamization, leaving Saigon to reach whatever accommodation it can.

The President associates this approach with what in his message to Congress last week he labels "precipitate disengagement," the consequences of which would be an "agony of recrimination" replacing "the agony of war." The US, he holds, cannot afford, even at this late date and after our enormous expenditure of lives and dollars, to abandon its allies in Saigon, for if it did, this country would be wracked by internal dissension (from the right) and would risk the loss of all its credibility abroad. Of course Mr. Nixon wants out (how could he not?), but he still thinks he can do it under conditions that give our Indochinese clients a reasonable opportunity to maintain control, not only in Vietnam but in Laos and Cambodia. He wants to loosen the Gordian knot. But critics such as Muskie and McGovern say that he can't, and must cut through it. They say he can't because the process of disengagement can't be reversed, no matter how many US air strikes are launched from carriers or from Thailand. Aware of this, the other side is not going to surrender its objective, which is the dismantling of the Thieu apparatus.

The chief of the North Vietnamese delegation in Paris, Xuan Thuy, made this clear on February 7. You asked yourselves in, he said in effect, now ask yourselves out. But his demand that the US "stop all air activity and other acts of war against the two zones of Vietnam" and "fix a specific date for the total withdrawal of all US forces" was tied to the further condition that Thieu resign immediately and that Saigon "give up its warlike policy . . . disband concentration camps and free all political prisoners." This is what Nixon calls Hanoi's "patently unacceptable demand that we guarantee a communist takeover" and what Secretary Rogers calls the North's requirement that we "overthrow the government of South Vietnam."

The government in South Vietnam may be overthrown, and it is hard to see how there can be an end to the fighting until it is at least replaced. But both the President and Mr. Rogers are phrasing Hanoi's position in a way they may later regret, for it unnecessarily boxes them in diplomatically. The other side has not said that the US must overtly "overthrow the government of South Vietnam"; that, the Vietnamese can do themselves - if the US removes the props that have kept it from collapsing. The present demand, as we read it, is not that Mr. Nixon do something else (like having another election in the South), but that he stop what he's doing - shoring up Saigon.

Who Gets Tube Time?

The 12 black congressmen and congresswomen in the House of Representatives – the “Black Caucus” – have asked for free network prime time to present their version of the “American Dream” on nationwide television. They contend that network policies, barring broadcasts not under the complete editorial supervision of the networks, “violate the right of, and need for, self-initiated and controlled speech by nationally elected congressmen over the national TV media.” They claim these policies are “fundamentally arbitrary, irrational and unsupportive of the ‘public interest,’ ” contradict the fairness doctrine and violate freedom of expression under the First Amendment.

This raises an interesting point about the “separation of powers” doctrine of the Constitution. The networks unconditionally extend a right of access to the President but deny that right to members of Congress. As Rep. William L. Clay (D, Mo.), a member of the Black Caucus, put it, “The networks have told us they have a ‘policy’ against showing controversial programs that are produced by outsiders – such as congressmen. But this ‘policy’ disappears when the outside producer lives in the White House.” Theoretically, congressmen have an important role not only in the shaping of national policy, but the forming of public opinion. That role is diminished, however, if the legislators can’t reach a national audience through the most effective nationwide medium. It can be plausibly argued that the concentration of communications power in the presidency has undermined Congress’ position as an equal and coordinate branch of government.

During his first 18 months in office, President Nixon appeared on network prime time as often as all three of his predecessors did during a comparable period. Between Nov. ‘69 and July ‘70 the President defended his Vietnam policy five times in nationally televised speeches and numerous other times during televised news conferences. During the first 10 months of 1971 the President made 25 separate radio and TV appearances excluding news excerpts from press conferences. And at least 15 of these presentations were uninterrupted by reporters’ or interviewers’ questions.

In March 1970, the Democratic National Committee was denied the right to purchase time from two networks. On May 26 and June 15, 1970 the Amendment to End the War Committee and 14 US senators were refused time, paid or free, to respond to the President. More recently, NBC would not permit the Democratic Party to respond to their “A Day in the Presidency” show and CBS barred a rebuttal to its Rather-Nixon interview. The Black Caucus has been denied free time to broadcast a black-produced “documentary” on American racism.

The Black Caucus is asking each network to give one hour a month to unfiltered political speech by members of Congress. These 36 hours amount to one-

tenth of one percent of the total annual prime viewing time (7-11 p.m.). They are not asking the FCC to force networks to honor every congressional request for free time. But they are asking that every congressional point of view be aired, regardless of the President’s position.

It will be several months before the FCC rules on the request. Tracy A. Westen, counsel for the Black Caucus, says if the commission rules unfavorably, the Caucus will take the case to the federal courts. The networks “want complete control over their turf,” says Westen; “it’s not that 99 percent control would hurt [them], but the one percent opens the door.”

Poor Peace Corps

The Peace Corps may turn out to be an innocent victim of the recent foreign aid controversy in Congress. Going into its eighth month of operation in this fiscal year, the Corps still does not have an approved budget. And if it gets only the money allowed it under a continuing resolution that keeps it alive (\$72 million) it will be forced to bring home up to half of its 8000 volunteers and get out of up to 15 of the 55 countries



“Poor little guy... How could anybody starve in this land of plenty?”

where it has programs.

Host countries have based their requests for Peace Corps volunteers on an increasingly sophisticated understanding of what skilled manpower they need that they cannot yet fill themselves. Pulling even a handful of teacher trainers, vocational instructors, medical technicians or civil engineers out of a country is bound to upset carefully constructed development plans.

Why the congressional stinginess? The Peace Corps is not an expensive venture. Polls show it to be popular among the voters. And during the past two years, the number of applications received by the agency has increased dramatically after several years of decline. Recruitment, training and placement of volunteers have become more specialized. The spectrum of skills and educational backgrounds of Americans available to developing countries has been broadened. The Corps at least claims that the quality if not the quantity of its volunteers has risen, and there's no reason to doubt the claim.

Despite bipartisan support (Hubert Humphrey and Barry Goldwater), the Corps' budget is being largely determined by one man in the House who has long been dedicated to killing the organization. The chairman of the House Appropriations Subcommittee on Foreign Operations, 13-term congressman Otto Passman (D, La.) makes no bones about it: "... If I had to meet my Maker in three minutes and the last decision the good Lord would let me make - it would be to abolish the Peace Corps. Then I could die in peace." Passman will be the key conferee in the joint Senate-House committee that decides the final Peace Corps budget, and its fate, behind closed doors. That conference is expected to begin on February 16. But when a reporter phoned Passman's office last week to verify the date, the congressman took over from his secretary and said angrily: "I don't give a damn who you are - you may be a member of the clergy for all I know - but if *you people* don't stop putting pressure on the Peace Corps there may be no Peace Corps. The White House may kill the whole thing. There certainly isn't going to be any conference on the Peace Corps in the foreseeable future, and that's a fact."

Roadblocks

When the US celebrates its bicentennial, the Federal Highway Administration will be celebrating completion of the Interstate Highway System - 42,500 miles of concrete which have helped make America the most mobile country in the world, but at high ecological costs. What comes next? That is what Transportation Secretary John Volpe is about to tell us in his blueprint for highways between now and 1990. He has already said, however, that the blueprint will not include

an estimate of the deleterious impact of highways on resources and land uses. Because of that omission, the Environmental Defense Fund and two congressmen are suing the secretary in federal court.

EDF, joined by Reps. Edward Koch and Jonathan Bingham of New York, claims that the 1969 Environmental Policy Act requires the Department of Transportation to make a detailed study of the environmental effects of future highways, plus alternative ways the country could move people and things around. They think the government should show how highways have promoted suburban flight and urban blight in 62 major cities, by siphoning commerce, jobs, tax money for municipal services and people from downtown. They point out that the Interstate has uprooted hundreds of thousands of people, almost 58,000 in 1970 alone. They think Volpe should consider the drain on domestic oil reserves from making it easier to go by car; over 38 percent of annual petroleum production goes into gasoline, according to the National Petroleum Institute. Highways tear up the wilderness. (Congress has already funded a pilot program encouraging states to build roads through undeveloped areas to promote industrial growth.)

Automobiles on the highways cause 39 percent of the nation's air pollution, according to the Environmental Protection Agency, and as much as 80 percent in cities like Atlanta and Washington, DC. That's another reason why the Environmental Defense Fund wants the government to talk less about roads and more about rapid transit systems. (The latter, however, will get a record \$750 million from the government this year, while highways get \$5.2 billion.)

Secretary Volpe won't make an environmental impact study, because he says the law doesn't require one unless he actually submits legislation. "We have to balance the interests of the environment against the procedural backlog that will be created in the department if we have to write an impact statement," says John Welch, special assistant in environmental affairs. "Environmental impact statements are fine but they can go a little too far."

Virtually every month, another highway is clocked by ecology groups. Last November, the courts stopped a federally funded freeway in San Francisco because the state had failed to make an adequate environmental study. One week later, highway opponents got Interstate-90 in Seattle halted for the same reason. Anti-highway groups have stymied efforts to build a freeway through Washington, DC for years.

Volpe's highway report must still clear the Office of Management and the Budget before it goes to Capitol Hill. Meanwhile, Rep. Bingham plans to introduce a bill to replace the Highway Trust Fund with a public kitty reserved largely for mass transit systems. It's the only way, he says, to prevent more highways, more cars, and then more highways and still more cars.



Where Are They Now?

In September of 1968, 20 or so young men who were the hard core of Eugene McCarthy's campaign organization gathered on Martha's Vineyard to talk about the future. In the afterglow of 1968, there was a lot of talk about sticking together, going en masse to a candidate in 1972. Where are they now? As individuals, they're still involved but a majority have opted for public interest projects or personal goals rather than the campaigns of this year's candidates. Of the minority, McGovern and Muskie have a few on their payrolls. None is on the McCarthy staff. At McGovern's headquarters, you'll find Rick Stearns, who coordinated the Midwest for McCarthy in 1968. Gene Pokorney, a Nebraska McCarthy delegate and part of the group, is in charge of McGovern's Midwestern operation, and Dan McIntosh, now a law student at Berkeley, handles some advance work in California. Muskie has picked up Tony Podesta and Jim Johnson; he has received some quiet help from Curtis Gans; and he has made offers to some of the others only to be turned down. The Washington headquarters of McCarthy's 1968 regional operation was run by Don Green with Eli Segal as his assistant. Green is now a partner in a consulting firm in Washington, isn't working for any candidate but says McCarthy is his personal choice. Segal, after serving on the McGovern Commission staff and then working in the short-lived Hughes presidential campaign, has turned down bids from at least two presidential camps but leans strongly toward the McGovern candidacy at this point.

In Denver, two members of the group are working with Common Cause's highly successful effort - David Mixner, originally a Hughes supporter, as assistant director of the project; and Mike Driver, now a law student, on a special project to lay the ground-work for a drive to put several key issues on the Colorado ballot. Also living in Denver is Sam Brown, who rose to prominence as the organizer of the Children's Crusade in New Hampshire and backed Sen. Fred Harris' brief but lively bid. Both Brown and Mixner expect to vote for McGovern at their precinct caucuses. "I wouldn't be surprised if I ended up working a precinct," Brown says. But neither is working on a candidate's staff. Driver doesn't even list a favorite.

In New York, several more are in public interest pro-

jects. John O'Sullivan, who played a key role in putting together the Martha's Vineyard gathering (it was held at his family's residence there), is executive director of Grass Roots Action, a membership group started by ex-Rep. Richard Ottinger which has taken on the New York Telephone Co. Mark Segal, a partner in a law firm, takes time out to assist. Segal was for Hughes but isn't active now.

Some are with established groups - John Shattuck as staff director of the American Civil Liberties Union in New York and John Delessio as head of the Urban Coalition office in Los Angeles. Delessio has helped the McGovern people with some advance work. A couple are in communications - Taylor Branch as associate editor of *Washington Monthly* and Tom DeVrees with a San Francisco TV station.

Two of the group - Geoff Cowan and Phil Moore, both attorneys - are into public interest activism in the corporate field. Both are associated with the Project on Corporate Responsibility.

Outside this inner circle, there are many others. Two who joined Mixner and Brown to organize the Vietnam Moratorium in the summer of 1969 are Marge Sklencar and Dave Hawk. Sklencar has decided to lend McCarthy a hand in the Illinois primary while Hawk is helping Dan Ellsberg, meanwhile working on his thesis at Union Theological Seminary. Another on the fringes - the Rev. John Boyles - left his post as chaplain at several Philadelphia area colleges to join McCarthy's staff. Older figures in the McCarthy camp have gone in several directions - Ann Wexler and Joe Duffey of Connecticut, Don Peterson of Wisconsin, to Muskie; Blair Clark, McCarthy's campaign manager, and June Oppen Degnan of San Francisco, to McGovern. Sarah Kovner in New York, Ted Warshafsky in Wisconsin and Marty Peretz in Massachusetts have stayed with McCarthy.

Helping Hand

The National Committee for an Effective Congress (NCEC) has already passed out \$100,000 to six candidates - four for the Senate and two for the House - and expects to distribute an additional \$100,000 this month. Senate candidates sharing in the first split are Sen. Claiborne Pell (D) of Rhode Island, who trails Secretary of the Navy John Chafee in early polls; Sen. Walter Mondale (D) of Minnesota, who isn't expected to face a serious challenge; Sen. Lee Metcalf (D) of Montana, favored to win reelection but in a state where nothing can be taken for granted; and Rep. James Abourezk (D) of South Dakota, who is going after the Democratic nomination for the seat of Sen. Karl Mundt (R).

Two House members - Rep. Abner Mikva (D) of Illinois and Paul Sarbanes (D) of Maryland - also received contributions. Mikva was redistricted out of his south side seat which clung to the Lake Shore and is

running in a newly-created district in suburban Evanston and environs. Sarbanes was thrown into a district with veteran Rep. Edward Garmatz (D) and was expected to have an uphill fight until Garmatz' recent announcement that he planned to retire, an announcement which came a day after Sarbanes received a sizeable check from NCEC.

NCEC is also looking around for good challenges to help finance. It commissioned a poll in South Carolina which paired several potential opponents (including ex-Gov. Robert McNair and Gov. John West) against Sen. J. Strom Thurmond. Preliminary report: Thurmond is not invincible. NCEC's poll also checked on the status of Chairman John McMillan, (D-S.C.) of the House District Committee with the voters. No report is yet available on that.

Scoop Who?

The billboards boosting Sen. Henry M. (Scoop) Jackson, D-Wash., in Florida are causing a good deal of merriment. They read: "Vote for 'Scoop.'" Plus a picture. Supporters of other candidates suggest the voters, who aren't apt to know Jackson's nickname is "Scoop," will think the billboards are promoting some new aerospace project at Cape Kennedy. Jackson's camp doubtless thinks the voters will be moved to ask "who's Scoop" and the candidate's name recognition problem might thus be somewhat alleviated.

The Gay Vote

New York is a special place for presidential candidates. It's the "Bank" where all go to get money. It's also a slaughter house where "special constituencies" have their knives out. One of these constituencies is the Gay Activist Alliance, a group purporting to represent the political interests of 20 million homosexuals in this country. GAA has developed a series of demands (end to discrimination in the armed forces, in civilian jobs and housing, and in the federal civil service). Among the Democrats, Eugene McCarthy and Shirley Chisholm have satisfied GAA's litmus test, as have the GOP's Paul McCloskey and Benjamin Spock of the Peoples Party; but several candidates have declined to respond, including Senator Edmund Muskie. "His staff says that he is not familiar with the issue," says GAA, "he hasn't made up his mind." To help Muskie reach some conclusions, nearly 50 members of the group confronted the Maine senator outside the doors of the plush Park Avenue Regency Hotel. The police dispersing the crowd got so rough that members of the New York state legislature and New York city council as well as Congressman Koch complained of brutality. Muskie afterwards granted permission to his staff to meet with representatives of GAA to listen to their concerns.

The homosexual community is no happier with the

nation's newest Democrat than with Muskie. Several of its members were arrested late last month for chaining themselves to City Hall railings and Mayor Lindsay's desk. Another group took over his Madison Avenue presidential headquarters, and when Lindsay supporters gathered for a fund raiser in Radio City Music Hall, GAA held a "zap," chaining themselves to the balconies and generally disrupting activities.

When McGovern showed up at the endorsement meeting of the New York State New Democratic Coalition and found his name left off a list of presidential candidates acceptable to GAA, his staff immediately issued a statement headlined "McGovern Supports Civil Rights and Civil Liberties for Homosexuals."

New Republicans

Ex-Gov. Dave Cargo of New Mexico says that a number of people living in hippy communes in the Taos area of northern New Mexico are registering as Republicans. Why? To quote Cargo, the reply goes like this: "We don't believe in any government and we think we'll get less government from the Republicans than from the Democrats."

McCloskey

The headquarters of Rep. Paul N. (Pete) McCloskey, (R-Calif.) is handing out the results of two high school votes taken in New Hampshire in early January. On January 10, Concord, N. H., high school vote: McCloskey, 209; Nixon, 190; Muskie, 165; McGovern, 42; Yorty, 19; others, 103. On Jan. 7, the juniors, seniors and faculty members at White Mountain Regional High School voted with this result: McCloskey, 53; Muskie, 47; Nixon, 12; Wallace, 11; Pat Paulsen, 2; Chisholm, 2; Kennedy, 1.

In the Public Interest

Student Activists

If college students woke up to the world around them in the '60s, the '70s may be when they organize systematically to get something done. The campus demonstrations of recent years have subsided. But in their place a new kind of commitment is emerging that draws on a greater sense of realism about what is required to advance justice and build democratic power.

Two separate drives making headway around the country's colleges and universities show this new realism. The first is the voter registration campaign directed at the newly enfranchised 18-to-20-year-olds.

More will be known about the significance of this youth vote after the elections. But we know now that the stage has been set for a shift in political attitudes and responses toward the young by all levels of government. How far that shift will go depends in part, of course, on the number of youth who vote and their reasons for voting. But if the choice between candidates is to be broader than tweedledee or tweedledum, and if government between elections is to operate justly and efficiently, then the second drive centering around citizen action assumes signal importance.

In a dozen states from Washington to Vermont students are signing petitions for the creation of student public interest research groups. PIRGs, as they are called for short, are already underway in Oregon and Minnesota. Composed of lawyers, scientists and citizen organizers, these two PIRGs were established last year after a majority of college students in those two states voted to raise their student fees by \$3 per student a year. The money is used to hire full-time researchers and advocates who represent student social concerns in the community, and projects that enlist the energy and talents of students throughout the states.

A representative student board directs these PIRGs as independent institutions, with no connection to any of the schools. Nor do these student research groups get into partisan politics. They focus on community and state problems that need citizens' attention.

The Minnesota student public interest research group, for example, is operating during its first year on a budget of about \$200,000. There are four attorneys, two scientists and other young people working full-time on environmental, consumer, property tax, housing and municipal government problems. The group is developing problems for students to research and act upon, often together with older citizens, throughout Minnesota. It is becoming a catalyst for many lively students who have found a way to combine their studies and extracurricular interest with training in recognized community problems.

As the PIRG idea catches on in other states, more students will discover that there doesn't have to be an artificial distinction between students as students and students as citizens. Indeed, there is a mutually enriching relationship between the two roles. For too many years, millions of college students have dissipated their energies on courses and subjects that bored them because of their remoteness from the realities of the times or their lack of pertinence to the great public needs that knowledge should recognize. Boredom or lack of motivation continues to plague campuses across the country in a massive epidemic of wasted talents. What students are beginning to experience is that they get a more thorough education in their field of study if they can work on investigating and solving problems that challenge both their minds and their sense of values.

This is the appeal of the PIRG idea. It provides a

continuing opportunity for students to connect their growing knowledge to public problems and solutions in the society. Science and engineering students can work on pollution prevention projects that challenge their technical knowledge and their sense of what science and engineering should be doing for human betterment. Political science and economics students will be able to test textbook principles in the context of everyday consumer or governmental problems and develop a deeper understanding of factual and theoretical research that relates to people.

If there is one thing formal education should give all students, it is an opportunity to become proficient citizens. Citizenship can reflect many viewpoints by many people. But its common ground is time and energy spent by people to better their society with the skills and values they have. Compared with earlier generations, it takes an extraordinarily long time for young people in America to grow up today. Preparation for so-called adulthood is taking longer and longer and the impatience of many young people reflects this inordinate stretchout in training. It is useful for students to acquire the skills of citizenship at the same time they acquire the formal tools of learning.

Ralph Nader

The Nixon Watch

Packing for Peking

"I go to Peking without illusions," the President said last week. He also goes with confidence that matters have been arranged so that there will be no surprises for him. The surprises, if any, will be for the world and for the American electorate, in the shape of some unexpected claims of substantial accomplishment. Mr. Nixon is smart enough to know that the sheen of the trip itself, the first visit of a US President to China and the astonishing reach of *this* President for normal relations with Communist China, will have lost its glitter by voting time next November unless he is able at the end of the journey and in the following months to say and show that he brought away from Peking and Hangchow and Shanghai something more than the sight of him on television at home, being greeted by Chou En-lai and Mao Tse-tung and sitting down with them to discuss the making of a different and better world. The President reflected his certainty that he will have something more to claim and show, and indicated the enormous care with which the trip has been prepared, when he said in his third annual foreign policy report last week that at his meetings with the Chinese "we will each know clearly where the

other stands on the issues that divide us."

A sense of assurance that nothing can go wrong, that no sour notes of anything more than obvious and acknowledged differences between the two governments will be allowed to mar the adventure, was evident at the White House during the days of final preparation for the President's departure. When staff colleagues of Henry Kissinger remarked to him that everything must have been pretty well set in advance, he replied, "Of course. Why else do you think I'd be as relaxed as I am?"

He was all that relaxed because he and Chou En-lai had explored with each other every issue that the Chinese and the President intend to bring up. Nixon jarred Kissinger a bit by saying during a CBS television interview in early January that Kissinger had discussed the sensitive question of North Vietnam's American prisoners during both of his preliminary visits to Peking in July and October. Once that fact was out, it was not denied at the White House that Kissinger and Chou had gone through what amounted to a thorough rehearsal of the summit discussions. The rehearsal was necessary, in the first place, in order for each party to the visit to be certain beyond foreseeable doubt that the Peking government would not embarrass Mr. Nixon by withdrawing its invitation and that he would not embarrass the Chinese by canceling his acceptance. There was also at this stage, one may guess with reason, at least a tacit understanding between Kissinger and Chou that neither government's interests would be served if the principals—Chou, Mao and Nixon—risked confronting each other with attitudes that had not been anticipated and prepared for on each side. It doesn't follow from this that the Nixon talks need be empty farces, designed only or mainly to justify the televised spectacle to be transmitted from China to the US by instant satellite. Kissinger could prepare the way and has, more completely than he wishes to say. But only the President can confirm to Chou and Mao the Nixon attitudes that Kissinger outlined to them in advance; and only the President can appraise for himself the Chinese attitudes that Kissinger reported to him. Despite the cynicism that the elaborate preparations and the convenient timing with this spring's party primaries and the developing presidential campaign induce, I am persuaded that neither the Peking Chinese on their side nor the President on his side would have undertaken so drastic a turn from their own and their governments' past patterns of policy and behavior if there were not a serious intention to seek what Nixon last week called "a solid beginning" and a mutual quest for "common ground on which to build a more constructive relationship."

Only one substantive consequence of the visit was predicted last week by Kissinger at two of his increasingly frequent on-the-record press conferences in Washington. It was agreement upon a limited form

of diplomatic communication, short of formal recognition of each government by the other but enough to demonstrate progress toward the "normalization of relations" that Nixon has been saying he wants. Finding agreed language to announce this much should be fairly simple. The difficulty foreseen at the White House before the President's journey was in finding words in which to announce and explain tangible understandings that the Peking government is unlikely to want set forth in tangible terms. Such an understanding will, if Nixon's hopes are fulfilled, have to do with the Republic of China on Taiwan and its relationship with the People's Republic on the mainland. A modest success can be claimed by the President if he, either alone or in a joint expression with the Peking government, is able to indicate at the end of the visit that the Chinese Communists go along with his proposition that "the ultimate relationship between Taiwan and the mainland" is a matter for "peaceful resolution" by the two Chinas. Much could be made by the President and his spokesmen, possibly more than actual discussions and resultant understandings warrant, of the barest indication that the Peking leadership agrees with Nixon that a negotiated settlement of the Indochina war is preferable to continued and abortive warfare. The prospect of Communist China's participation in a multinational conference aimed at neutralizing and stabilizing the whole of Indochina was discussed by Kissinger during his preliminary talks in Peking and it, too, could be the subject of intangible hints at a tangible understanding.

A participant in a recent White House staff discussion of Nixon's China policy recalls that the official who conducted the session opened it by saying, "We know why we are going to Peking. The really interesting question is, why do the Chinese Communists want us to come? We don't know why, but we have some assumptions that suggest answers."

The first of two assumptions then stated was that the Peking leadership is deathly afraid of the Soviet Union and its nuclear power. The official said that he can imagine the Peking leaders imagining the men in the Kremlin ripping pages from their calendars at the end of each day—here the official made a ripping motion—and muttering to themselves that the Chinese have had another day to build up their nuclear arsenal for a strike at the Soviet Union. A leadership so preoccupied with fears may think it altogether possible that a day may come when the Kremlin leadership decides to obliterate China's centers of nuclear power with a preemptive strike. May it not (the official continued) be supposed that a leadership in such a state of apprehension has concluded that accommodation with the US is not only worthwhile but perhaps essential for survival? Not with any thought of protective military alliance—that is not conceivable—but worthwhile for whatever comfort an accommodation and the

friendship that it connotes would give the Chinese and for whatever pause it may give the Kremlin leadership.

The second assumption thrown out for discussion was that the Chinese somehow perceive in accommodation with the US a means of preserving and increasing their ability to influence events in Asia and particularly in Southeast Asia. With some exceptions (Korea; the brief invasion of India in the 1960s), the Chinese have been meticulous in their care to keep their military forces within their borders and to influence events beyond their borders by nonmilitary means. Witness the fact that their intervention in the Vietnam war has been limited to material aid. Just how accommodation with the US could enhance Chinese Communist influence in neighboring Asia was not made clear. Other assumptions, involving such factors as China's fear of Soviet political penetration and of a Japan in alliance with the US, didn't figure in the particular discussion. But the ones that did are consistent with the underlying Nixon-Kissinger calculation that the approach of the US toward accommodation in its fundamental interest can succeed only if the same accommodation is believed by the leaders of Communist China to be in their fundamental interest. Identifying the points where the interests of the two nations can be merged or at least reconciled is the essence of the President's task and hope during his visit to Peking.

John Osborne

Mr. Osborne will be one of six magazine correspondents accompanying the President on his trip to China this month.

Mr. Heath's "Vietnam" After Derry and Newry

London

The bloodless nature of last week's massive protest march in the Northern Ireland border town of Newry undoubtedly came as a personal relief to British ministers, but it also marked a total political defeat for the policy Mr. Heath and his home secretary, Mr. Maudling, have been doggedly pursuing ever since internment was launched last summer. That policy even has a quasi-official label. It is called "getting on top of the gunmen" – and until last month there were some (though not many) who thought it had a reasonable chance of success. Now there are none. For what Newry and the tragedy of Londonderry a week before conclusively demonstrated is that while the British army was fighting a battle on one front the real war was going on somewhere else.

Some 750 rounded-up detainees count for very little

when measured against the wholesale alienation of Northern Ireland's half-million-strong minority Catholic population. In the last few days that is a truth that has become apparent to virtually every English newspaper. Some, like the nation's best-selling daily, *The Mirror*, have started to call openly for the withdrawal of British troops. Others, like *The Observer*, have begun to argue that only by inviting the Irish Republic to share with it the burden of security duties in Ulster can the British now hope to rescue anything from a bleak and desperate situation. But in all the clamor for new bold initiatives one body of opinion has remained singularly unmoved. That body of opinion is represented by Mr. Heath and his government. Far from considering any new options, they are actually grinding forward with the same old formula of arrests and prosecutions. Summonses have already been issued against 26 of the leaders of the Newry march – summonses that if upheld in the courts will result in mandatory, six-month prison sentences. There is thus a real danger that the Heath government could soon find itself in the classic colonial dilemma of having locked up and put in jail virtually everyone it needs to talk to in order to have any hope of bringing a political settlement within reach. Yet the leaders of Northern Ireland's Catholic population are not of course in the same position as a Nehru, a Kenyatta or even a Makarios.

The whole nub of the difficulty is that they are the representatives not of a majority but of a minority. No new political constitution – however ingeniously contrived – can possibly bring them power within the confines of Ulster as it is at present constituted. What the British government undoubtedly hoped it was going to be able to get away with was offering the Northern Ireland Catholics not control of any new government, but rather a guaranteed voice within it. There is some reason to believe that Mr. Heath is still working on a plan by which particular ministers in any future Northern Ireland government would be directly elected by their own communities – thus avoiding the permanent submerged minority position that Catholics have occupied in Northern Ireland ever since partition 50 years ago.

Conceivably, if such a plan had been wheeled out months ago it might have had some small chance of being accepted. After the killings in Londonderry it can have none. Only the one thing that British governments have traditionally proclaimed is nonnegotiable – the border – now seems to offer any hope of getting negotiations started. There are a few – though not many – members of Mr. Heath's government who seem prepared to recognize this. Furtive talk can be heard both at Westminster and at Stormont of cession of territory, even of transfers of blocks of population. The danger here is that it is inevitably a halfway-house solution, one that would be bound to be regarded on both sides as the start of a process rather than the end

of it. But an intimation of a readiness to consider such a proposal could still be the price that Mr. Heath will have to pay if the present hopeless impasse is ever to be broken. Perhaps the most dangerous aspect of the whole post-Derry position is that at the moment the Westminster and Dublin governments are scarcely on speaking terms.

At private briefings for senior journalists Mr. Heath goes out of his way to make it clear that he does not find Mr. Lynch, the Republic's premier, "impressive." In turn, Mr. Lynch infuriates the British government by refusing to do anything to discourage such technically illegal manifestations as the Derry and Newry marches. Yet the harsh truth remains that it is only in a dialogue between London and Dublin that there can ever be any hope of rationalizing Ireland's present political structure.

Any move to get such talks started would certainly involve imperiling the position of Mr. Faulkner, Ulster's present premier. But that need not necessarily lead to his replacement by a Protestant or Orange extremist. The precondition of political progress of any kind is that Westminster should now replace Stormont as the responsible government of Ulster. It may be difficult for Mr. Heath to talk to Mr. Lynch; it is all but impossible for Mr. Faulkner now to do so. "Direct

rule" from Westminster has never been attractive to British politicians of either party. But what was a policy of last resort is now beginning to look more and more like the essential first step toward any form of eventual settlement.

Unfortunately it is a step that will be much harder for Mr. Heath to take than it would have been for Mr. Wilson. "The Orange Card" in British politics may have lost some of the potency that it had in the days of Carson and Lord Randolph Churchill, but there is still a distinct political bloodline linking the unionists at Stormont to the Conservatives at Westminster. Ulster was a Conservative creation – it had no part in the original home-rule bills of Mr. Gladstone or indeed of Mr. Asquith – and there is still a tendency today for right-wingers to identify with the "loyalist" Protestants just as left-wingers ally themselves instinctively with the Catholic underdog.

Mr. Heath, to do him justice, has never been a sentimental or nostalgic politician. The real danger lies elsewhere – in his tendency toward stubbornness and obstinacy. What he is now being required to face is that his original policy of first winning a military victory against the IRA and talking only afterward is no longer a practical proposition. Ulster may not yet be Britain's Vietnam but it is already Mr. Heath's.

Anthony Howard

Old Politics, New Technology

Hubert's Computer

by Paul R. Wieck

The man at the mike was 20 pounds slimmer, clad in a conservative blue with flare trousers and wide lapels, a reddish tint in his hair. His speech, sparing and to the point, was delivered in tones that sometimes bordered on the somber. For Sen. Hubert Humphrey, the speech announcing his candidacy for the Democratic presidential nomination was mercifully short, itself a signal that one of the most exuberant, talkative men in American politics had taken careful stock of his assets and liabilities and was determined to minimize the latter in what could be his "Last Hurrah" or a new beginning.

Hundreds of enthusiasts were crammed into a small room at the historic Poor Richard's Club in Philadelphia. The senator and his wife waited outside in a

limousine until it was time to appear. Once on the podium, he looked out over a sea of middle-aged faces heavily splashed with party pros – handsome, silver-haired ex-Mayor James Tate, still a big figure in the Philadelphia machine; a full quota of overweight labor bosses; established black leaders of Humphrey's own generation.

The first hint that Humphrey planned to refurbish his image came with the selection of a trio of young men, all unknown nationally, to fill the top spots in his organization. Two came east from Minneapolis after playing key roles in Humphrey's convincing 1970 comeback (a majority of over 200,000 against popular GOP Representative Clark McGregor)–attor-

ney Jack Chestnut as campaign manager; and John L. Morrison, a businessman whose personal success has been meteoric, as his deputy. Both are in their thirties, as is Mike Maloney, a Washington-based businessman who specialized in computer work for IBM and is now turning his talents to computerizing Humphrey's campaign strategy as his political director. One wall of Maloney's command quarters is covered with charts - a systematized approach to the numbers game of collecting delegates. A glance at the charts reminds him of that day's priorities - where his men and his money should be deployed, what hard decisions have to be made. Maloney prepared for his role by immersing himself in the guidelines of the McGovern (now Fraser) Commission and the way these rules are being applied in the various states.

While the attention of the country is turning to the early primaries, Maloney is keeping his eye on the fact that, at this writing (some states may still change their laws), only 1426 of the 3016 convention delegates will be committed as of the week ending June 3. The following week, ending June 10, an additional 678 will be committed. Maloney is aware that 1322 of the 1902 delegates committed by primaries will be selected by congressional districts as contrasted with only 422 in statewide "winner-take-all" primaries. He knows that of the 1114 delegates to be picked in conventions, nearly 1000 will be named in May and June, well after the early primaries have eliminated or virtually knocked out other presidential candidates.

To back up his systematized approach to the numbers game, Maloney will have the help of Valentine-Sherman, a Minneapolis-based firm that has had considerable success in computerizing voter identification as an aide in getting the right people to the polls. One of the partners - Norm Sherman, former press aide to Humphrey - describes his operation in terms that might well apply to the Humphrey campaign itself: "It's the old politics with new technology." Using a computer, Sherman's men do with telephone books, city directories and voter lists what the youthful hordes who joined the "Children's Crusade" in New Hampshire and Wisconsin did painstakingly by hand in the back rooms of dozens of store-front headquarters. It worked for them in 1968. It works for Valentine-Sherman, who made a significant contribution to Humphrey's win in 1970 by increasing the Democratic turnout in key precincts from 7 to 20 percent.

But computers in the command rooms are just a backdrop to the candidate himself. A trimmer waistline and modish clothes don't make a new man, nor do fresh faces and new technology mean the candidate is a changed man. At a mid-morning press conference in Columbus, Ohio, I asked Humphrey how his tactics in 1972 would differ from 1968. There was just a hint of pain in his eyes as he explained, "I'm a senator now, not vice president. I don't carry the burdens of

others nor do I have to uphold their ideas. I can now speak my own ideas."

The ideas Humphrey is speaking today are those of the man we've known for nearly a quarter of a century. It's the liberalism of the '50s and the early '60s with the accent on energetic involvement by the federal government in solving the problems of the people: government with a heart. "My whole career has been based on a closeness to the needs of the people," he said in Columbus when asked how he differs from President Nixon. Nixon, he said, is "devoid of care for the people."

Since returning to the Senate a year ago, Humphrey has given major attention to national growth policies, a classic liberal preoccupation. A key part of this is his National Planning Agency Act, which a resume from his office says would "greatly strengthen the ability of both the Executive Branch and Congress to plan public policy into the future than is now possible." It envisions high-level planning agencies in both branches to establish "national goals" and to evaluate and implement alternative policies that respond "not only to immediate problems, but anticipate trends and patterns in the decades ahead." Two related bills would set up a National Domestic Development Bank and a Rural Development Bank - the first to provide long-term, low-interest loans to states and communities for a variety of public projects from schools and hospitals to transit systems and sewage plants. The latter, designed for communities of under 35,000, would provide a similar credit system and, in addition, make financing available to the private sector to encourage location of plants and businesses away from metropolitan areas. Another bill - the Balanced National Growth and Development Act - would, to quote his resume once more, "provide the means to assess and plan for balanced future growth."

A second major interest of Humphrey is children, as evidenced by several bills he has introduced - the Universal Child Nutrition Act, which would provide a "free, daily nutritious meal to every school child"; the Children's Trust Fund, to finance programs for children such as Head Start, maternal and child health services, etc; Health Care for Children, described as a "kiddie-care" counterpart to medicare; and Interns for Political Leadership, a plan to allow 1000 young people to become familiar with local, state and federal service as part of a high school and college program.

Beyond those two central interests, Humphrey's list of proposals in 1971 (his office has a 15-page resume of them) runs the course from income tax relief and Social Security hikes to arms control proposals, drug abuse, cancer research and protection of the environment. In short, Humphrey is still a fountain of liberal ideas, a champion of the theory that energetic government can solve the problems of the people if the leadership is sufficiently motivated. Humphrey feels he is.

It remains to be seen how his vision of a bigger role

for government will be received by the neo-populists who think that the institutions of government are already too big, that they're stagnant and don't reflect the wishes of the people they serve, that our institutions must be systematically reformed and decentralized rather than given enlarged responsibilities. There is no clue either in Humphrey's rhetoric or his legislative proposals to whether he's aware that government with a heart should be other than paternalistic.

There is a natural correlation between Humphrey's choice of issues and the "people's" coalition he hopes to build in 1972 - blue- and white-collar workers, farmers, minorities, small businessmen and, hopefully, young people. It's the coalition he has been working with throughout his career, the one that was shattered by the burden he loyally carried as vice president and is intent on unloading as a senator.

Consider the farm vote. It has been an integral part of Humphrey's coalition in Minnesota, one he served faithfully in the classic liberal sense (parity programs, etc.) through the years. But farmers were upset with the Johnson administration in the 1966-68 period, rightfully suspecting they were being expected to carry more than their share of the load because a chief executive promised both guns and butter, and the numerically superior consumers were upset over the price of the butter.



"Flap harder, please. We've got a long way to fly."

Humphrey's burden was made no lighter in '68 by the fact that Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman was from his state, was supporting him and insisted that his policies not be rebuked. Thus, when leaders of the National Farmers Organization (NFO) pleaded with Humphrey for some kind of statement they could take to their people in the closing weeks of the campaign, they were told to "clear it with Orville." One influential figure in NFO told me they tried until the Friday before election and then, in disgust more than despair, put out the word to "go for Wallace," who had adopted a farm plank they liked. It was a welcome word for a lot of NFO members in southern and border states who preferred Wallace anyway. The upshot: Humphrey's failure to score heavily in the farm precincts probably cost him Wisconsin, Missouri and Illinois and, possibly, a shot at Iowa. A lot of NFO members double as precinct committee people for the Democrats in those states.

Humphrey intends to rectify this. He speaks of farmers being "victims of depression prices." At his Columbus press conference, he claimed to be "the one candidate who can carry the message to rural areas" which, he said, are inhabited by today's "forgotten people." This strategy appears to be paying some dividends. In Ohio, the NFO state president and the wife of NFO's state legislative director are both listed on the Humphrey at-large slate. In Wisconsin, he's given a shot at the state's two western districts, both bordering Minnesota and both with a fairly heavy farm vote.

Nor is his long courtship of blue-collar workers without reward. In Columbus, I toured the Buckeye steel plant with him. Humphrey was escorted through the plant by all the officers of the steelworkers local, all of whom swore fidelity, and each in turn estimated that the 1200 workers there (65 percent of them black) were with him "almost to a man." I saw nothing in the response of the hundreds of workers who shook his hand with a smile and, quite often, words of encouragement, to cast any doubt on that estimate.

He is expected to have a problem with young people, particularly students. However, a contingent of Kent State students showed up at the caucus at which Humphrey's Ohio at-large slate was named. Most of them were black, including 22-year-old Roxie Thornton who was named to the at-large slate. Why is a 22-year-old black girl from Kent State backing Humphrey? "He sent his people out to look for young blacks," she explains. "He does care about common people. He has a history of this."

Her Humphrey co-chairman at Kent State is Statler Gilfillen, 22 and white, from a family he describes as "conservative, upper-middle-class." Gilfillen says he's "strongly antiwar" and finds Humphrey's antiwar platform "the strongest. He's the least hypocritical of the candidates running." Humphrey repeatedly implies that if as vice president he was loyal to Lyndon

Johnson, keeping his misgivings about the Vietnam war to himself, he is no longer. He recalls that "in 1968 I pledged an end to the bombing, a cease-fire, and an immediate troop withdrawal program. I would have carried out that pledge." He reacted to President Nixon's latest peace plan by saying that were he President he would have offered "a precise date for the withdrawal of American forces from Indochina in exchange for American prisoners of war coupled with the resignation of President Thieu." He knows he must henceforth fly with the doves, but neither his criticism of Nixon's policy nor his alternatives have been as sharp as those of Muskie, McGovern, McCarthy and Lindsay.

Humphrey's youth coordinator in Ohio - Jim Egan, 25 and a Vietnam vet from the Boston suburbs - talks about the kind of young people his man is attracting: "We're finding we don't get the support of youth unless they're mature and politically aware. The people who've followed politics since adolescence, who are idealistic but not 'one issue.'" Egan has the best luck recruiting workers among black youth, whether on campus or in the factories. "We get no arguments from them," he says.

But there's another segment of the coalition Humphrey is building - the party pros who are his legacy from 1968. His Ohio at-large slate is a study in conflicts. For instance, National Committeeman Albert Porter of Cleveland, the boss of Cuyahoga County's white ethnic-controlled courthouse politics, is on the slate. He's often been fingered as playing a key role in keeping Cleveland's huge black population shut out of the policymaking level of the party in that vote-heavy county. But running side-by-side with him is Arnold Pinkney, who was Mayor Carl Stokes' independent candidate to succeed himself in last fall's mayoral campaign. Organized labor has its share, starting with Frank King, state president of the AFL-CIO. So do conservative elements of the party, which are represented by men like ex-Mayor M. E. Sensenbrenner of Columbus. Roxie Thornton is there but so is Mary Jane Porter, a perennial party pro.

Maloney points to Iowa as an example of the kind of "mix" he's trying to get in the campaign. There, the co-chairmen are ex-State Sen. George O'Malley, who emerged from political retirement at 66 to help with the Humphrey campaign; and State Rep. June Franklin, a 29-year-old black leader. Maloney wraps it up by saying "stereotyping and old-line alliances are all in the past. I don't think that way." Neither, presumably, does his computer. Nevertheless if Humphrey succeeds in Ohio and some other places, he'll carry a lot of tired blood to Miami Beach with him.

Humphrey's slimmer waistline and modish clothes are minor attempts to deal with the purely visual; however, a healthy part of the public has tired of his talkativeness. If his announcement speech and his rela-

tively short addresses to his Ohio caucus are indicative, he's making progress. It doesn't mean that he talks less. He just talks less in public, which is the important thing. In Ohio, he fell hopelessly behind schedule because, after his brief remarks to the delegate caucus, he retired to his room and spent a couple of hours on the telephone. His spontaneity remains unbridled. Surrounded by three pro football players at a post-announcement party in Philadelphia, he told an appreciative audience he "never sends them a play" but, pointing to their size, advised his opposition not to "mess around with Hubert." Some days later in Columbus, Ohio, he got a bit carried away when his at-large delegates picked aging State Auditor Joseph T. "Jumping Joe" Ferguson as their second choice for President on the Humphrey slate. After the appropriate speeches were made, Humphrey led the crowd in several rousing rounds of "For Joe's a jolly good fellow" as he left the luncheon, giving it the aura of a 50-year class reunion.

In the past, Humphrey's spontaneity has gotten him in real trouble, such as the time he was photographed walking with his arm around then-Gov. Lester Maddox of Georgia. Later, he expressed surprise that he'd done it. But if Humphrey's spontaneity, personal loyalties and talkativeness get him into trouble at times, he still knows how to spot a good issue and exploit it.

His "people's campaign" ties in nicely with his attack on Nixon as "devoid of care for people," particularly when he recites the administration's decisions to cut back on school lunches and food stamps for the elderly. Humphrey then explains how he and his colleagues "brought pressure" and forced Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz to reverse himself, a decision that had to be cleared with the Office of Management and Budget (OMB), which happens to be directly under the chief executive.

In Ohio and Pennsylvania, Humphrey is openly running against the party establishment as represented by Governors John J. Gilligan and Milton Shapp, both Muskie backers. Humphrey made quite a thing of this in Ohio, where Gilligan's popularity is down after a year-long battle with a GOP-controlled legislature over a new tax plan. One of the first things Humphrey did was to say, in an obvious reference to Gilligan, that "pressure is being brought by some Democratic leaders" to line up the patronage-hungry party organization in Ohio for Muskie, such as calls to county chairmen! "I just want a chance for a free choice, a chance to carry out my campaign. That's what I mean by reform," Humphrey explained. It's a neat trick from a man who was nominated four years ago at least in part because there *wasn't* a free choice in most states.

At this writing, Humphrey appears to have the best chance of all the candidates to derail the Muskie bandwagon. If it's to be Humphrey *vs* Muskie in a showdown, the first round may come later than expected - in Pennsylvania and Ohio on April 25 and May 2, just

before the candidates tidy up most of the area east of the Mississippi and head for the big primaries (Oregon and California) before returning to New York for the last of the big ones. A late spring showdown fits the computerized calculations of Maloney, who has his eye on all those delegates to be "committed" during May and June.

Since the Humphrey strategy calls for a late spring showdown, his problem becomes one of staying alive in the early primaries. There were some early miscalculations, not too costly but evidence that even a computerized operation falls short if the human judgments are bad. Example: Arizona and Iowa. Maloney sent his men to both states (four to Iowa, alone) to test sentiment. Word came back that the rank-and-file weren't ready to commit themselves, that the thing to do was to run "uncommitted" slates in those states. That strategy was a bust in Arizona, despite some evidence of a strong residue of Humphrey support among rank-and-file Democrats. In Iowa, a big block of uncommitted delegates was named at a precinct level, but various strategies were being served. Humphrey may not fare too well in either state once the delegations are actually named.

Humphrey's first important test is in Minnesota, where precinct caucuses will be held later this month under a new proportional representation system that should guarantee both McCarthy and McGovern some delegates. Maloney sees a minimum of 38 to 44 for Humphrey out of a 64-member delegation, the remainder split about evenly between McCarthy and McGovern, the latter probably faring a bit better than the former. But he sees a chance of Humphrey going as high as 54, which would be trumpeted as a solid win. Only 38 would be somewhat embarrassing.

The Humphrey camp ducked two of the first four primaries - New Hampshire and Illinois - making it imperative he show up well in Florida and Wisconsin. But what does it mean to "show up well"? Let's look at Florida. It's the first primary in which the candidates will be on the ballot. The early readings show George Wallace favored with Humphrey and Muskie in a battle for second place. Muskie, presumably, will have a win in New Hampshire under his belt by that time. Suppose Humphrey runs third? Clearly, that would weaken him for Wisconsin, where he should run second to Muskie to remain a viable candidate. But suppose Humphrey edges out Wallace? If he were to seriously wound, if not kill, the "little giant" who's threatening the peace and harmony of the national Democratic party, he would be something of a hero in circles which now look upon him with disdain.

Maloney reads it a bit differently. He sees Florida in terms of "four winners," by which he means four candidates (presumably Wallace, Humphrey, Muskie and one other) emerging with delegates. At this writing, he's also counting on four vigorous candidates

(Muskie, Humphrey, Lindsay and McGovern) in Wisconsin, with the possibility that all four will pick up some delegates in that state. It's a pattern calculated to leave everyone in a state of utter confusion.

Pennsylvania and Ohio (the states have a total of 335 delegates) would be the ideal places for Humphrey to deliver a knockout blow by winning perhaps 200 to 250 of these delegates. If you add New Jersey (109) and Michigan (132), you come up with an industrial sprawl with 576 delegates, enough to make a real difference at Miami Beach. And Humphrey is also strong in New Jersey, which has a primary in early June.

Pennsylvania's primary is on April 25, the same day Muskie must defend himself against onslaughts by both Lindsay and McGovern in Massachusetts, which has another big delegation. Unless Muskie has scored convincingly in the early primaries, eliminating the bulk of his opponents, he's going to be in a tight spot on April 25. In Pennsylvania Humphrey has support among labor, in the huge black community and among party regulars. One thing is certain. Humphrey still knows how to turn on a labor audience. Last spring and summer, all the major candidates were invited to address AFL-CIO conventions in a number of states, and in one after another Humphrey wowed them. He can do the same with a black audience.

In fact, Humphrey's secret weapon in 1972 may be a capacity to unite diverse groups - the white, ethnic-oriented Democratic machine and the black community which voted heavily against Mayor Frank Rizzo in Philadelphia, for instance.

But others are fishing in the same coalition waters. Some reports from Arizona read like this: Lindsay displayed a Kennedyesque charisma, building a coalition in a matter of days that looked surprisingly like one a Kennedy would put together. He picked up support from Chicanos, one of the mainstays of a Kennedy coalition. He scored well in some blue-collar areas. He picked up at least one Indian reservation. He split the students with McGovern.

If Lindsay is able to put together that kind of support in Florida, and add to it middle-income white professionals and housewives, he could spoil the chances of both Humphrey and Muskie to play the "little giant" killer.

Then there's Wallace. He may win Florida and lay the groundwork for his northern invasion. Wallace has filed in Pennsylvania and is counting heavily on his appeal to white blue-collar workers. One recalls descriptions of his rallies across the midwestern industrial belt in 1968 as "wall-to-wall steel workers." There are a lot of those in Pennsylvania. Four years ago, organized labor's chieftains were able to pull enough of them back into line to save states like Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Michigan, but not New Jersey and Ohio. This year, the workers may decide to balk in the primary.

Beyond the primaries, Humphrey will have difficulty rallying the kind of backing he had in 1968 within the party organization because of widespread defections to Muskie plus some losses to Jackson and even McGovern. Pennsylvania is illustrative. There, Humphrey had almost solid organizational support in 1968. But Gov. Milton Shapp felt free to endorse Muskie this year after a poll of county chairmen and other party leaders disclosed wide support for Muskie, who is viewed as "a winner" by many. Despite backing for Humphrey from older elements of the party in Ohio, Gilligan took a major segment of the party organization, including the national committeewoman and the state chairman, with him into the Muskie camp.

It's the Muskie, not the Humphrey, people who are using the psychological impact of a long string of endorsements from key party functionaries and officeholders in 1972. Unless Humphrey can knock Muskie out in the primaries, it's doubtful if these people will return to his camp.

Typical of Humphrey's problem with established leaders of the party this year is the pattern of endorsements by fellow senators. In 1968, he started picking them up by fistfuls the night of President Johnson's dramatic withdrawal; however, he has only one this

year, an obligatory one from fellow Minnesotan Walter Mondale. In contrast, 13 colleagues have endorsed Muskie - Gravel, Tunney, Stevenson, Hughes, Hart, Eagleton, Symington, Metcalf, McIntyre, Williams, Burdick, Moss and Pastore. Jackson has three on record - Magnuson, Ervin and Stennis with some others saying they want to wait until "after Florida." McGovern is without the public support of a fellow senator.

There are exceptions. In Texas, Humphrey still looks good to a lot of the regulars. He also has strong support - organizational and financial - in California where a three-or-four-man elimination contest may be shaping up for June. Humphrey has Mayor Joe Alioto of San Francisco, former National Committeeman and fundraiser Eugene Wyman, leaders of the black community such as State Sen. Merv Dymally and an excellent organizing staff.

For sheer energy, no candidate will match Humphrey. He thrives on campaigning and his enthusiasm is contagious. At his caucus in Columbus, Ohio, he brought them to their feet again and again with his pleas to help him "take my campaign to the people." If the people respond, it will truly be a new beginning for an old warrior.

Quarterback Nixon's Asian Game Plan

by Harold R. Isaacs

Who wants to think back to Bangladesh when you've been to gay Peking? The Nixon-Kissinger debacle over the India-Pakistan war in December has already been topped and retopped, as the massive budget deficit was topped by revelation of the abortive 007-Kissinger-Paris Vietnam talks, and all of it is now topped, even obliterated, by the turning of the lights and cameras on our President as he enters the long-forbidden city of Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai.

This now-you-see-it-now-you-don't technique may

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prove to be Mr. Nixon's best-remembered contribution to the playing of presidential politics and policy-making. But it is hard to believe that this flimflam style can really fool many of the people for much of the time. It reduces the public to the role of a bunch of yokels gaping at the man's hands as he flicks the shells and that elusive pea. There will be too many rude rubes around who will want to hear more than we have yet been told about what went into the making of policy toward India, Pakistan and Bangladesh, all the more so because it bears so heavily and so crucially on our changing relations with China, Japan and the Soviet Union.

The calculations that went into this policy behavior are not hard to reconstruct. They come out of the

geopolitical power-struggle gameplaying that is supposed to be Mr. Kissinger's main forte and is, by all accounts, a game that the President likes to play and at which he believes he has some skill. It is, after all, a lot like the game of domestic politics and even like the game of football, both pastimes at which the President thinks himself an expert. They all involve muscle, endurance, nerve, shrewdness, surprise, end-runs, long passes, and scoring with decision and speed through one credibility gap after another. The only key to a logical – if not a sensible or intelligent – explanation of the President's policy regarding India-Pakistan and Bangladesh lies in his carefully nursed surprise strategy to rearrange American relations with China. This strategy has the happy faculty of combining both geopolitical and domestic political goals. A touchdown at Peking in February will help lead, the President presumably believes, to a touchdown at the polls here in November.

There are older Cold-War underpinnings and precedents for a pro-Pakistan US policy. Pakistan was a Dulles-type "ally" via the more or less extinct CENTO treaty. It provided the US with staging bases, especially for the U2s. It served, in its own wobbly fashion, as the southern hinge of the bloc of non-Soviet-oriented Muslim states including Iran, Saudi Arabia, the tiny but crucial Trucial States and Turkey. The United States has been supplying arms and other aid to Pakistan for many years on this account, aid which continued through Pakistan's intermittent flirtations and brief encounters with both Russia and China.

When instead of launching U2s, Pakistan launched Mr. Kissinger on his surprise trip to Peking last July, it undoubtedly justified in Mr. Nixon's mind all the treasure that had been lavished on that country through the years. It certainly got in the way of his taking note of what the Pakistanis were up to in East Pakistan even while the details of the Kissinger trip were being discussed and carried out. Mr. Nixon was thus not only indebted to Yahya Khan – and he has always told us that a cardinal rule for the successful politician is to pay off such debts when the due bills come in – but he acquired in his new relationship with China a further reason for staying firmly on Pakistan's side. China too was on Pakistan's side – a "friendship" based on their common hostility to India. The principle of self-determination (sacred only in rebellions against your enemies) was kept covered by the principle of national integrity (sacred only to yourself and your "friends"). The bloodied land of Bangladesh can be put down in history as the first new common ground across which the Americans and Chinese reached to shake hands for the first time in nearly 25 years. India might be finding its situation intolerable, but India would have to wait. Nothing could be allowed to happen that might irritate Peking, even lead it – unspeakable thought – to put off or postpone the

Nixon trip until too late for the campaign season in America this year.

It was too bad if this gave Russia its opportunity to move in decisively to consolidate its own South Asian position. It was too bad if India – having been explicitly told by Mr. Kissinger last July that it could not count any more, as it could in 1962, on American help against China – seized upon the proffered Soviet support against the newly forming Pakistan-Peking-Washington axis. It was intolerable when India – an upstart latecomer to power-struggle gameplaying who only yesterday was still lecturing the world about nonviolence – took up arms to act in its own interest as its government saw it, instead of accepting the Nixon-Kissinger view of how it should behave. It was most galling of all when the Indian strategy worked. For a few days it looked almost hopefully as though counter-killings by the returning Bengalis would take the White House off its moral hook, but the Bengalis and the Indian army between them soon put a rein on vengeance. And that was too bad too. All of it was too bad. But nothing, nothing could be allowed to get in the way of the successful completion of the Nixon-Kissinger game plan. The cardinal rule of the game, everyone knows, is to keep your eye on the ball.

Keeping the American eye on the Peking ball meant in effect turning the American eye away from the plain facts of West Pakistani oppression and repression in East Bengal, the flouting of national election results by President Yahya Khan, the contrasting democratic character of Indian politics and the intolerability of the situation created for India by ten million refugees; it meant above all and especially *not* looking at the massed heaps of victims of West Pakistan's officially ordered rampage of rape and murder in East Pakistan. Put another way, it meant that the United States had to ignore in Pakistan what it claimed to be the basis of its policy in Vietnam – support of democratic self-determination through open free elections.

So much for the *calculations*. What then of the *attitudes* that also went into the making of this policy, what perceptions of other peoples, what feelings about them get engaged when American policymakers are dealing with Indians, Pakistanis and Chinese?

One of the major occupational hazards of geopolitical gameplayers is the problem of dealing with people. Geopolitical gameplayers, so clever and so daring at moving hardware and armies and fleets or juggling continents and oceans in their map rooms, seem unable to develop any buttons on their electronic gear that will enable them to gauge more accurately how people are likely to behave. They do not even seem able to find social scientists who will help them do so. They have to think of people in the main in large aggregates, mostly in numbers – so many "bodies," armed bodies to move, dead bodies to count, refugee bodies to "generate" or relocate.

By extension, like all people only more so, geopoly-

ticians must also think of people in another kind of large aggregate: stereotypes. These are the large single pictures or images we carry in our minds about vast numbers of people of this or that nationality, race, religion, culture. These are usually based on some fleeting encounter with a person or a picture, or a story, the wisp of an idea, the residue of something we were told, something we breathed in with our own cultural air. This kind of witless generalization serves many functions, but it is mainly a way of reducing other people to what we want or need them to be, for various reasons, usually to justify or rationalize our/their superiority or inferiority, our/their power or powerlessness. It saves us from the difficult—and often painful—problem of ever having to think of such people as individual human beings.

This characteristic inability of power gameplayers to take people into realistic account has led to some of the most spectacular power failures of our epoch. Thus the experience of the Japanese in China, of the Americans in China, of the Russians in China. Thus also Hitler, in relation to the British, the Russians—he was right only about the French. Thus the Russians in Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Thus the Americans most recently, and for us most appallingly, in Vietnam.

These large images of other people play an important role in the way not only geopoliticians but all of us react to those people at any given time, according to the circumstances of fear or friendliness in which they appear to us. What I know about this I learned mainly from a study I made in which I explored these matters with some 200 American government officials, educators, writers, scholars, business and church leaders, all in key places in the communications network of our society. The results of this study appeared in 1958 in a book called *Scratches On Our Minds: American Images of China and India*. I undertook to discover what these individuals associated with Chinese and Indians, to trace these associations in their minds back to their origins, and from there back into the mass media, the literature, the school texts, the history and the personal experience to which they had been exposed.

One thing that turned up was a close relationship between the sets of admiring or contemptuous images Americans had developed in their minds about the Chinese and the successive stages of power or powerlessness through which the Chinese themselves had passed during the long period of contact between the United States and China. It became clear also that the special source for some of the unique emotions felt by Americans in relation to China lay in the American missionary enterprise that for such a long time dominated the relationship and created the main channels of communication about it. The missionary experience was also critical in the way these Americans perceived Indians. The particular quality of Hindu religiosity had a profound effect on shaping American responses.

This work also showed how directly an individual's perceptions of another people and another culture are shaped and colored by his own particular window on the world. It became very plain that the best-schooled minds are embarrassingly capable of carrying the most flagrant kinds of prejudices and stereotypes, that these can be based on both ample and scanty experience, and that they can be held firmly over years, even a whole lifetime, without ever coming under critical examination. What may be peculiarly relevant to us in the present context, in the light of what we know of President Nixon's special attachment to Pakistan and especially to Yahya Khan, is that some of the most powerful of such images and attitudes are shaped by the most fleeting kind of encounter.

Another finding that surely also applies to our present experience was that these stereotypes or images and the attitudes based upon them occur almost always in pairs, a crowded array of coupled pluses and minuses in the arks of our minds, "goodie-images" and "baddie-images" which can be summoned up or dismissed according to need. Thus of the Chinese, Americans carry in their minds a great assortment of what I have called the Marco Polo-Pearl Buck-Charlie Chan images on the one hand, and on the other the Genghis Khan-Fu Manchu images—the great "goodie" Chinese who were "wise" and the great "baddie" Chinese who were "diabolically clever," the marvelously enduring Chinese with their great capacity for enduring hardship, and the inhumanly nerveless Chinese with their cruelty and indifference to human life, the great numbers of industrious, hard-working, coping Chinese, and the fearful antlike masses whose energy and weight threatens to overwhelm the world, heroically offering their bodies in resistance to the invading Japanese in the 1930s-40s, or fearfully overrunning our brave boys, as the Boxers nearly did in 1900 and the famous "human sea" did in Korea in 1951. During World War II, it was no trick at all to transfer all the most evil Oriental characteristics from the Chinese to the Japanese, and afterward back from the Japanese to the Chinese again, now the Communist Chinese, the awakened totalitarian giant, the most fearful Chinese image of all. Such twin sets of qualities are very useful things to have around in the press of conflict, for when events demand it, one pushes the right button and brings to front and center the appropriate set of images and all

COMING: The case for
nominating George McGovern
by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

the attached emotions. It is like a turning column of mirrors with swiftly changing psychedelic lights hitting them from different angles. Focused on the Chinese, those mirrors are turning again right now, before our eyes. The Chinese heroes of the 1940s became the monsters of the 1950s, the inscrutable leaders and the rampaging young hordes of the cultural revolution in the 1960s. Now they are reappearing in more attractive shapes and roles as – tentatively – a new connection is made. Now they are the sweepers of China's dirty streets, killers of the flies, workers of exotic medical miracles like acupuncture, makers of much out of little, builders of a brand new Chinese public-spiritedness, and – best of all – enemies of our enemies, the Russians. A week after Mr. Nixon announced his trip to Peking, almost as though on cue, Pearl Buck reappeared – on the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times* – to say again how wonderful it all used to be when we were friends with the wonderful Chinese.

Given the key role of China policy in the India-Pakistan-Bangladesh affair, these images of the Chinese obviously have their peculiar relevance. But American images of India and Pakistan have also had their role to play. The main weight of American views of Indians has been negative. This is partly rooted in relative cultural values, the Chinese being seen as "closer" – pragmatic, down-to-earth, hardheaded – and the Indians, or more particularly, Hindus, as much more outlandishly exotic, much more violently different, as indeed Hindu culture is from Anglo-Protestant culture or any form of Western secularism. Much of the powerful sense of this difference came in early 19th- and 20th-century missionary reactions and was widely sensationalized, as some may still remember, by Katherine Mayo's *Mother India* in the 1920s. The reverse side of this came in the admiring and respectful – if mostly uncomprehending – response of many Americans to the personality of Mahatma Gandhi, seen as a veritable saint, as the symbol of some higher level of spirituality.

In the 1950s, when I conducted my study, this aura came through not in the form of any Gandhian saintliness – Gandhi was gone – but in the form of newly independent India's policy of nonalignment in the Cold-War power struggle. This was irritating enough in itself to many in Cold-War America of the Truman-Acheson-McCarthy-Eisenhower-Dulles era on the simple proposition of the day: "If-you're-not-with-us-you're-against-us." But this irritation was multiplied many times over by the high moral righteousness in which Indian spokesmen habitually presented their view of themselves and of the world. From innumerable encounters between Americans and Indians came an almost universally-held image of Indians as "sanctimonious," "holier-than-thou." The quintessential figure was Nehru, whom many Americans ad-

mired as a secular humanist but whom many others, especially in government, saw as a fellow-traveler of the Communists, a neutral in favor of Russia. Whatever positive vibrations came from Nehru, however, were totally canceled out by that other quintessential image-making Indian of the period, Krishna Menon. Menon spoke for Nehru at the United Nations and managed, by combining the Indian high-moral syndrome with the remarkably repellent qualities of his personal style, to scratch the minds of a whole generation of Americans with ineradicably negative feelings about India and Indians. The violent abrasiveness of this encounter was due also in no small part to the fact that Indian high-moral sanctimony, Nehru-Menon style, was running into not only strongly felt American anti-Communist virtue, Truman-Acheson style, but American high-moral sanctimony John Foster Dulles style – Dulles called Indian neutralism not only mistaken but "immoral."

Despite this, over these years, American-Chinese hostility dictated a strong American effort to encourage the emergence of a strong and viable India as a counterweight to China on the Asian continent – a good example of policy needs counteracting prejudices even when the prejudices remained as strong as ever through it all. Hence the billions in American aid, aid incidentally that has paid off better in India than in most places in the so-called "Third World," for India has almost uniquely maintained a democratic political system and was beginning to inch its way toward meeting its awesome social-economic development problems. Chinese-Indian hostility, especially after the border hostilities in 1962, encouraged American-Indian friendliness and in these conditions the differences and mutual antipathies were largely muted. Indian self-expression took another tone and American readiness to cheer on the Indian effort was furthered during the ambassadorships of Chester Bowles and John Sherman Cooper, stood high on the agenda of the Kennedy administration and still governs, apparently, the outlook of Nixon's own envoy in New Delhi, Kenneth Keating.

These were the currents shifted and deflected by the American shift of policy on China. Once again the column of mirrors turned. Once again we heard that India under Indira Gandhi – who bears the triple vulnerability of being a woman, Nehru's daughter and bearer of the saintly name – was "sanctimonious" and as Joe Alsop tirelessly kept reminding us, "hypocritical." Such indeed, also, was the remark attributed in one report to Henry Kissinger, who wanted to know if Ambassador Keating's critical wire to the White House had "come dressed in a Nehru jacket."

Nixon and Kissinger, too, carry images around in their heads about other peoples; they too have patterns of feeling and prejudice that are somehow cranked into their responses and decisions as policymakers. It can be said with virtual certainty that any negative views of Indians they might have had, and any positive

views of the Chinese, have been mutually reinforced in their minds by recent needs and events.

After all, in Chou En-lai they encounter a master calculator, gameplayer and superpragmatist. The mirror under the light at the moment shows us the charming Chou En-lai exchanging pleasantries with ping-pong players and visiting American students, talking sensibly and forthrightly to highly impressionable American interviewers and hardheadedly to high-ranking emissaries from President Nixon. Other images have turned away out of the light, at least for the time being, like the glimpse we recently had of the same charmingly hardheaded Chou En-lai a few years ago swapping pleasantries with Gamal Abdel Nasser about reserving Chinese supplies "of our best opium" to supply the drug trade with American GIs in Vietnam. And good as his word – as of course we all knew the Chinese always are – for he did not let the Bangladesh flareup change any plans either.

During the weeks of the India-Pakistan crunch, all reports made it clear that the President's feelings about "tilting" toward Pakistan were very strong indeed. He kept calling Mr. Kissinger – "every half-hour" – to see to it that the bureaucrats did his will or suffered his wrath. This "don't-stand-there-do-something" approach was climaxed by the dispatch of the Enterprise task force into the Bay of Bengal just as the fighting ended. This was an act that might have made Mr. Nixon feel for a little while like Teddy Roosevelt – the part of the admiral on the Enterprise bridge would have been played by John Wayne – but it was an act that could clearly have no positive effect on the situation, even from the President's own apparent point of view. All it could do was to give Yahya & Co. a few euphoric moments of thinking that their dear American friend was coming to their aid, bombs on both hips. To everyone else, including the upflapped Russians and the newly self-confident Indians, it was the act of a pitiful giant.

It is certainly plausible to suggest that Mr. Nixon had already staked so much, politically and emotionally, on his Peking game plan that any threat to it was enough to drive him up the Oval Room wall. He got mad at the bureaucrats who were not tilting fast enough to suit him. He got mad at the Russians, mad enough to have Mr. Kissinger hint that the President's plan to go to Moscow in May might be changed. He got mad at Indira Gandhi when she would not agree to go along with what Mr. Nixon thought India should do. He got mad at everybody except President Yahya Khan of Pakistan. But by rights, he should have been madder at Yahya than anybody else. It was Yahya who threw the rock in the road to Peking by repudiating the election, turning his murderers and rapists loose on the people of Bangladesh, and starting thereby the whole chain of events that led to the Yahya-Nixon-Kissinger debacle in South Asia. Yahya and his gen-

erals were quite plainly, as a British newspaper so bluntly put it, "as stupid as they are brutal." But there was not a single public word of criticism of Yahya out of the White House. And this tender regard for Yahya, we were repeatedly told, was not just political but *personal*. The President and Yahya were great and good friends ever since they had hit it off with mutual esteem on one of Mr. Nixon's earlier journeys to the area. One report describes Mr. Nixon on a 1966 journey getting the cold shoulder in New Delhi and red carpet treatment in Pakistan, a trip from which he came back proclaiming that the countries in the world that most deserved American aid were Vietnam and Pakistan.

Mr. Nixon's great esteem for Yahya Khan may tell us something about the quality of Mr. Nixon's affinities. It may be too slender a thread on which to hang any larger design of the images he may carry in his mind about Indians and Pakistanis. On the other hand, it is at least worth pointing out that our President's affection for a Pakistani general fits snugly into a long-established pattern of contrasting ways in which Muslims and Hindus were perceived by British ruler-types, a pattern picked up after them by American ruler-types (as distinct from intellectual-types or religious-types) in their attitudes toward India and Pakistan. This has to do stereotypically with seeing the Muslims as a more upstanding, athletic, fighting breed, as contrasted to the prevailing image of the weak and puny Hindus: they were, in short, the less lesser breed. This view as held by Americans was reinforced in the 1950s when Pakistan, unlike India, "was ready to stand up and be counted as our friend," as one policy-maker of the time put it. The idea of the Muslims as stout and hardy fighters owes most to the Kipling picture of the Fuzzy-Wuzzies, and of the Muslim warriors of the Northwest Frontier, wily, vicious, but brave foes, an image reproduced after Kipling by a small army of writers and multiplied many times over on movie screens by Hollywood.

There were, of course, Hindu martial types who also enjoyed the regard of their British masters – Sikhs, Rajputs, Mahrattas – but that was because they were so unlike all the other Hindus, above all so unlike the Bengalis. We all saw on our TV screens how alike the Indian and Pakistani generals were, in style, speech, and how far they resembled their British mentors, down to the angle of their swagger sticks. This could possibly have brought some satisfaction to ex-imperial British watchers from afar. But it could not offer much comfort to any watchers in the White House. The Indians compounded their contrariness by turning out to be competent warriors too. Yahya was not only brutal and stupid but, it turned out, of no use as a fighter either.

Well, as any good gameplayer like Mr. Nixon would tell you, you can't win them all. Just keep your eye on that Peking ball. Good old Chou is still in there.

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Straw Dogs

(Cinerama)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis

(Cinema 5)

I went from the theater where I saw Sam Peckinpah's new film *Straw Dogs* to another theater that was running his earlier film *The Wild Bunch*. (NR, July 19, '69.) I'm glad I did, because it elevated my high opinion of the earlier picture and helped to clarify some things about the new one.

Peckinpah is the 007 of filmmakers, licensed to kill. He earned this license in *The Wild Bunch*, a Western that enlarged the form esthetically, thematically, demonically. But now he endangers his license because he's getting qualms, he's moralizing—in *Straw Dogs* even more than in the less violent *Ballad of Cable Hogue* (1970), a sticky and ill-made whimsical Western. Moralizing is the enemy of his talent.

For the new film, Peckinpah and David Z. Goodman have adapted a novel by Gordon M. Williams set in Cornwall. Space has always been a Peckinpah theme, and plainly he was interested in the idea of big space contained in a small space, Cornish moors within a small island, instead of the seemingly limitless West. (We feel this as we watch: over the horizon here, we know, is London or the sea, but who can imagine the end of Texas?) Peckinpah was also presumably interested in the idea of violence in an ancient village instead of on the raw frontier. It may even have been in his mind to comment on the Western by showing that its basic elements are universal. If he had made his film without didactic theme, true to his own nature, it might have been another quasi-Artaudian experience. But he labors a cozy, trite and questionable point this time, so the violence goes quickly from the frightening to the tedious to the irritating. A

real 007 never explains. His life is what he is.

The story concerns a young American mathematician (Dustin Hoffman), with a sexy Cornish wife (Susan George), who goes to live in his wife's old home to work on a book. The wife is restless but not breastless, which is noted by the men who work around the place—particularly one who presumably had once slept with her. The men concoct a scheme to get Hoffman out of the house one day while two of them ravish the wife, in tandem. She complains a bit to them but not to her husband.

The lines of brain versus balls-and-brawn are quickly drawn, of moral courage against strength and swagger. The point, clumsily made, is that the former cannot exist in a vacuum; Hoffman, who has his own kind of guts from the start, has to cross over. The last 20 minutes (hours?) are crammed with assaults and batterings and shootings as Hoffman battles to protect a loony child-murderer from a lynch mob that includes his wife's ravishers.

The trouble is double, and comes from the script. First, heavy heavy hangs over our head in a corny way right from the start. An early scene of petty violence in a pub—crushing a man's hand on a glass—is a planted seed that grows into the last holocaust. A man-trap (literally), once used for poachers, is borne in at the beginning, obviously to be used at the end. Hoffman says early to his wife, "If that cat gets into my study, I'll kill it"—and guess what the first death is. Etcetera—including the wife's moronically blatant sexual teasings of the workmen.

The second trouble is the miasma of apologetics and justifications, the working-out of a parable; even a mathematician has killer instincts and will, presumably, be a more courageous mathematician after killing a few beasts in defense of principle. Coupled with this is the coupling theme. As a 1930 film once told us, *Ladies Love Brutes*; or rape is not rape that bends with the remover to remove. Long before the parabolic conclusion, the picture has acquired a blacker Stanley Kramer air, a savage sanctimoniousness. Peckinpah becomes Pecksniff.

His directing is still the work of a born director: he knows what to look at and how to look at it. But there are flaws in direction, too. Susan George has the right sulky hot schoolgirl quality, but Peckinpah lets Hoffman give his only dull screen performance so far. Most of Hoffman's lines seem caught between his molars, like shreds of meat. The opening blurred-focus shot looks like swarming insects (the bugs at the beginning of *The Wild Bunch*), then it clarifies to an overhead shot of children playing; that's Peckinpah at his best. But some of the editing is worse than the weakest moments in *The Wild Bunch*: crude referential shots (the wife remembering the rape during a church social) or crude contrasts (the child's murder intercut with a choir singing). Peckinpah even reuses a device that was not new in *Wait Until Dark*, where I last saw it: after the melee, a supposedly dead man suddenly revives for a last attack.

The subject of violence has been occupying film critics ever since there was

(continued on page 32)

Films Worth Seeing

Desperate Characters. Best film on this list. About today's ignored subject: the liberal middle class and their drama. Kenneth Mars (good) and Shirley Maclaine (OK) as beleaguered husband and wife. Frank D. Gilroy wrote and directed with impressive feeling.

The French Connection. Zow. Also pow. A thrilling thriller, about drugs in Marseilles and New York. Gene Hackman heads a perfect cast, William Friedkin cracks a mean director's whip.

The Hospital. George C. Scott gives guts to Paddy Chayefsky's juicy but jumbled script about merrily macabre medical mix-ups.

The Last Picture Show. Small-town

Texas, 1951, and a youth's coming-of-age. The tone and intent are rather familiar, but most of the acting is good, and Peter Bogdanovich, the young director, was born to make movies.

Macbeth. Unexpectedly orthodox version by Roman Polanski. Unfulfilled because the Macbeths are slim and the text slashed, but many incidentals, like the witches, are good.

Sunday Bloody Sunday. Included here because of Glenda Jackson's performance and Penelope Gilliatt's dialogue. But the script doesn't do much more than describe characters, in this London hetero-homo triangle. John Schlesinger directs wetly.

SK

Sedulus on TV

Oink Oink for Big Big

The White House is working to control the future of Public Broadcasting through Clay T. Whitehead, director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy. Whitehead fears "a fourth network patterned after the BBC" and favors something that is instead "built on a bedrock of localism" (statements to the Senate Subcommittee for Constitutional Rights on Feb. 2). He is thus opposed to the centralized brute known as PBS (Public Broadcasting Service) *except* when PBS performs responsibly and censors something like an expose of the FBI (the "Great American Dream Machine" program had that trouble last year). But Whitehead doesn't like his complaints interpreted as officious or official. On a recent Bill Moyers show he said that he was "a little annoyed" at suggestions "that we're trying to intimidate people."

On the theory that the local-national jumble needs to be sorted out constantly, let me try to characterize the major characters in the Public Broadcasting drama. But first let me say that my untutored impression is that the Whitehead attack is loco. We obviously need both local and national funding, and will have it. The main issue is not even the ratio between local and national funding, though that is important, but whether national funding should be allowed to produce a strong independent center. Whitehead fears such a center, mostly at the level of news broadcasting; he seems to be afraid that the big bigs in Public Broadcasting, if not checked, will be able and inclined to produce programs seriously discombobulating other bigs like big business and big government. My guess is that politically he theorizes that to keep the programming local is to keep it weak, and therefore not independent of the pressures of big private interests.

Now here is my vision of the chief

forces in TV here and now, and what they amount to.

Public Broadcasting. This is a mixed bag of stations and producing agencies and administrative hocus pocus, all described as nonprofit and all of course obliged eventually to compete with those who make no bones about profit. At the top is the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, a distributor of private and federal monies to noncommercial broadcasting projects and institutions. Of CPB Whitehead said, "they produce and write [national] programs anyway" — that is, they do their national thing against Whitehead's version of the intent of Congress in the Public Broadcasting Act of 1967 — which is a point too murky to argue here, particularly since CPB forms out most production and writing powers. Then there is the Public Broadcasting Service, which is chiefly remarkable for what it doesn't do. It, or rather the main headquarters of it, doesn't distribute money and doesn't produce programs, but it can be a negative producer. Thus it was the one that stepped in to knock out the "Dream Machine's" FBI because J. Edgar Hoover objected. So PBS is the big distributor and promoter, see; it handles national programs after they have been produced by individual stations, particularly the eight big PBS production stations including WNET in NY (which dissolves into the Educational Broadcasting Corp.). Interestingly it was WNET that broadcast the FBI program anyway, after the head PBS office had said no — or so my muse told me though I don't live in New York.

Now listen: my muse also tells me that if the head PBS office were to vanish there would still be all the little PBS heads, producing shows and being funded by CPB. And if CPB were to vanish the little PBS heads could presumably be funded directly by HEW or Ford. We would then still be far from bedrock local, yet even the functioning of these eight stations is not imaginable without some kind of centralizing agency.

Ah, but *under* the eight PBS producing stations are the hoi polloi of PT stations. Perhaps they are the bedrock Whitehead was referring to? Mebbe—but if they are the ones they would not (I'll bet my bedrock dollar) like to imagine no producers up above them busily shooting in the big programs. Without the big programs the small local PT stations would be driven back on showing the finals in the high school poetry contest seven times daily.

My point is that there's an enormous and probably necessary struggle here for central control and any number of dodges to achieve it, but no way to avoid it. The history of American empire-building suggests with little ambiguity that the future of Public Television will contain central control anyway—so what Whitehead must really be worrying about is *whose* control. To do him justice he is not the only one. At the moment the feds as a whole are mixed-up kids in their assessment of their role in Public Television. On the one hand they are anxious to have a number of buffer agencies around so that no federal official will look responsible for obscenity or treason if a PT show gets out of hand, and on the other hand they are anxious that the buffer agencies be appropriately subservient to private interests wanting to move in on PT with their power and money.

Cable TV. Cable TV is the mystery of the media age (mysterious at least in the mind of *this* ignoramus who has yet to be near a cable show, unless closed-circuit campus broadcasts qualify). Every day in the papers somebody pontificates about its future, and only two weeks ago the FCC issued some fancy rules that restrict cable TV's operations in big cities, thereby protecting those nice bedrock locals who are already there. Last December a bland but intelligent and surprisingly well-written committee book, *On the Cable*, was published, a "report of the Sloan Commission on Cable Communications" (McGraw-Hill, \$2.95), that

Ash Wednesday

Why not

Affirm yourself this Lent,

Be kind and gentle to your you,

Go walking, learn to breathe, read a book,

Know bread and wine and flesh,
Love yourself

Enough to give it

As a gift of love to life,

Or death,

Share hope with one who mourns,

Grief with one who laughs,

And rediscover all the yous

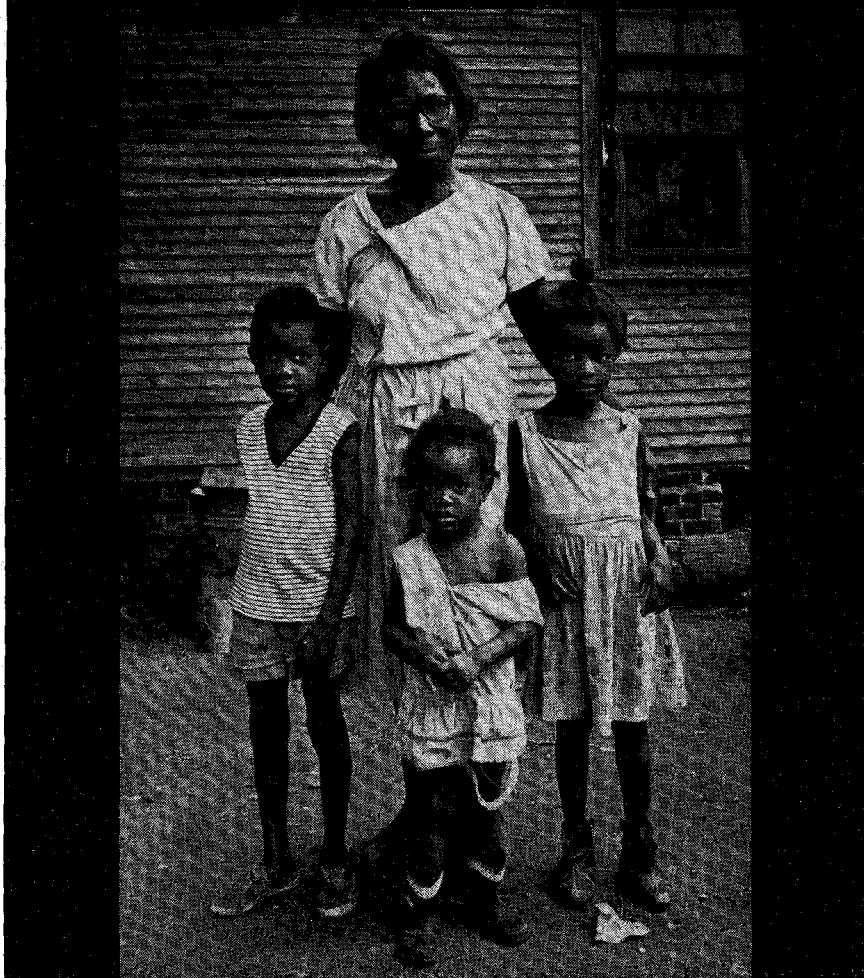
You left behind in getting to this place

From which, with ashes on your head,
you go

In search of Easter?

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worth of food
for the hungry.*



On the back roads of Mississippi, Alabama and other parts of the deep South, there are still many thousands of families facing slow starvation. Right now. Right here in the U.S.A.

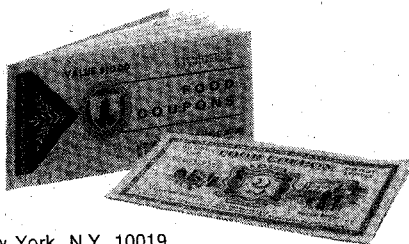
Their diets are so inadequate that hunger and malnutrition have become part of their lives. Many children of tenant farmers and seasonal workers have actually never known what it is like *not* to be hungry.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for the neediest of these families. Under the federally spon-

sored Food Stamp Plan, \$1 buys as much as \$40 or more in Food Stamps. Thus your \$10 can mean \$400 worth of urgently needed nourishment to help a family survive.

To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you



NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
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tells us in effect that there is still time to save cable TV from the commercial fate that has befallen regular TV. The optimists hope cable TV will be the gimmick by which real diversity will at last reach the tube. There are now nearly 3000 distinct cable systems, yet they reach less than 10 percent of the whole TV audience. About half the systems are owned by commercial companies already in communications, which sounds bad—but the pressure remains strong from many citizens' groups to make cable TV a public-dominated medium. Public or private, the Sloan Commission estimates that not until market penetration by cable TV approximately doubles (to 20 percent of the whole) will it have an economic base sufficient to provide "totally new programs and totally new services."

The Sloan Commission also believes that newness and independence will depend upon not letting the present networks get control. But of what will the new programs consist?—culture for one thing (folks), plus a variety of community programs from health services to "public-access channels" (let anybody in to do his thing). The crystal ball clouds up quickly, however, whenever it is asked how different the 57 flavors of cable TV will *really* be from the current stuff. Meanwhile the number of subscribers to cable TV is reported to be growing at the rate of 80,000 a month (true?—the figures are from the industry itself). And franchise plums are being fed to rich insiders. But to this ignoramus, cable TV is the TV that looks like bedrock local—that's its trouble.

The Federal Communications Commission. The FCC is a tiny fortress of dubious federal authority constantly undermined by government forces from the White House on down, yet constantly being described as Big Brother by private interests. Hero or villain? A bit of both as now constituted. On big political issues like the Fairness Doctrine it is battered by party bigwigs. On big commercial issues like the right to reply to commercials it is battered by big money. Detachment, impartiality—can these be achieved under such stresses? My guess is no, that the future of the FCC lies in its being intelligently partisan against private interests, and in its being backed in its partisanship by the White House. In other words its future lies in a change of administration. There is no reason to have an FCC at all, given the Whitehead/Nixon ideology. The new rules for cable TV, for example, were apparently concocted in

the smoke-filled rooms of the White House, leaving the dissident FCC commissioners, Nicholas Johnson and Robert Lee, with nothing to do but fume.

Commercial TV. Here is the genuine original one-and-only private enterprise with which all public-tube ventures must compete. It is primarily money, secondarily TV. Yet there is no question about its preeminence. Public TV advocates are dreamers when they imagine that the twin utopias of quality programs and public-access programs on the public TV circuits will save the day against greedy commerce. What the reformers ignore is that most tube addicts don't *want* the day saved. The addicts are thoroughly brainwashed. They love commercials, violence and cartoons; they hate culture, news, politics and education. Sometimes their collective wisdom is great – why shouldn't the tube be an invitation to suck your thumb? – and sometimes their apathy threatens the world; but there they are, partly a product of the medium but partly also the determiners of the nature of the medium as now constituted. No amount of new programming on other channels, no amount of lofty matter is going to move them from their cartoons so long as the cartoons are *there*. Hence Sedulus's immutable law: the future of public TV does not depend upon what public TV does or what Whitehead says it should do but upon what commercial TV does.

And what does commercial TV do? It fights tooth-and-nail for its rights to be big big. To be big big is to be able to produce programs that hold audiences.

Now if there were no commercial TV, or if commercial TV were so modified that boiled brains were no longer drawn to it, then its habits would not be of significance for the future of Public Television. But that is like asking what autos would be like without GM, or telephones without AT&T. Bigness is built into this thing; we cannot deny bigness and should not hide the fact of its ubiquitous presence, as Whitehead seems to be trying to do, with talk about local programming. *Of course* there should be local programming, but there should be the big big too because it is inevitable, it exists. The game then is to stop shuffling the paper headquarters around and pretending that the US is still thirteen colonies, and push for whatever regulatory successes – against idiot TV and special-interest-controlled TV, whether commercial or public – the political climate will permit.

Roy Medvedev

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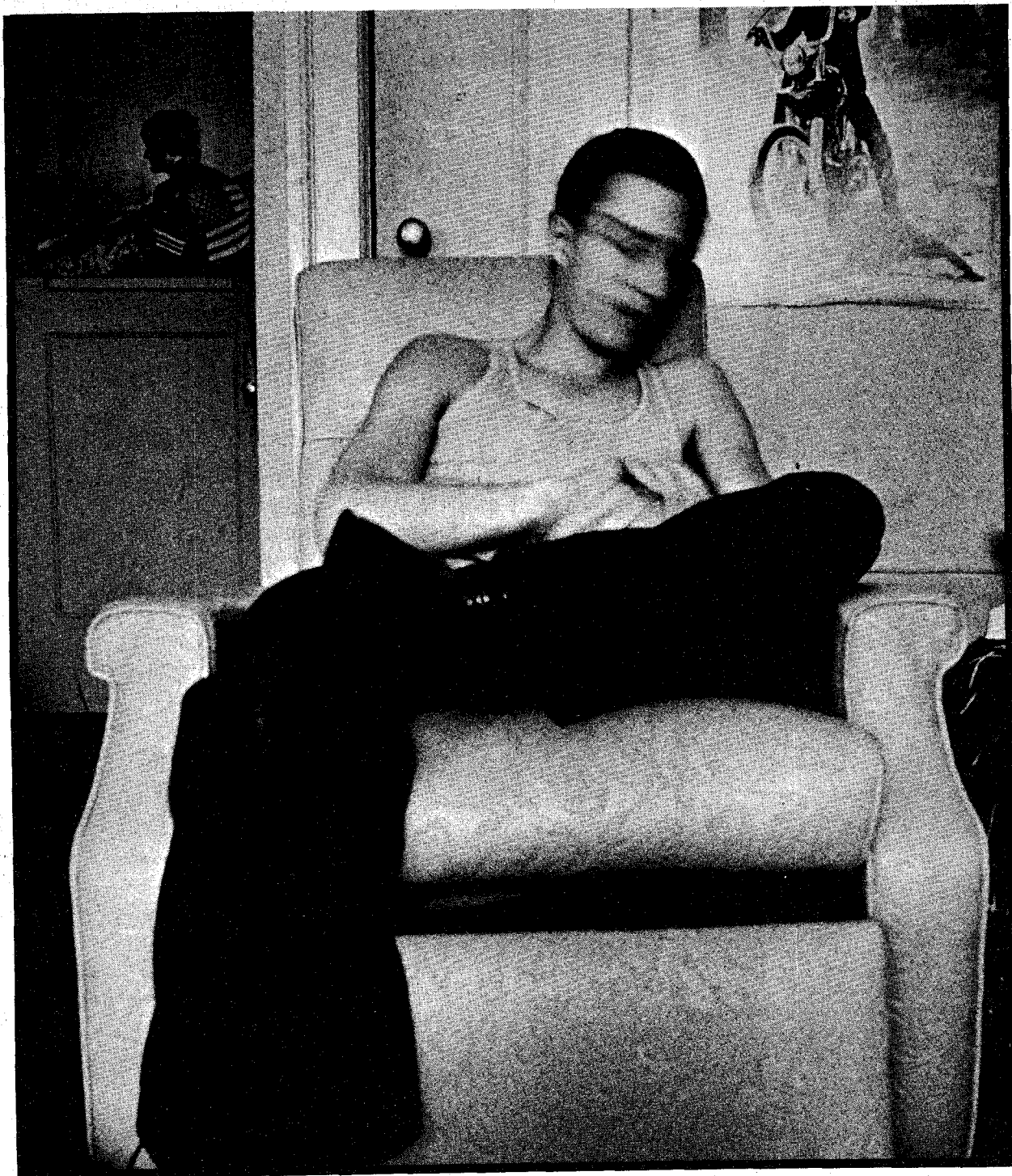
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In Brief

**Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn:
The Major Novels**
by Abraham Rothberg
(Cornell University Press; \$7.50)

The critical problem surrounding and obscuring the literary stature of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn was further complicated by the Nobel Prize, that weather-vane of climates of opinion, and becomes stickier with each sickening instance of official harassment visited upon him. As with Pasternak, we want so very much that he be a Soviet Tolstoy that criticism is almost beside the point: trivial, bloodless, academic. He was from the beginning a public figure, an heroic example, a victim – a news story, an occasion for self-celebration, a barometer of thaw and freeze, a cautionary tale; that he was also a writer helped but was not really essential. We felt that to award him the Prize – *something* – was the least we could do for him – and for ourselves. In the meantime, Solzhenitsyn remains a problem for criticism; though now, it seems, the critical mills are beginning to turn.

Toward that end Abraham Rothberg, himself a novelist, has performed the indispensable preliminary service of sorting out precisely the "content" of the major novels (*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, *The First Circle*, *Cancer Ward* – the book went to press before *August, 1914* became available). Drawing on a formidable and intimate knowledge of Soviet affairs, Rothberg subjects the novels to close scrutiny, delineating the web of historical and autobiographical circumstances out of which Solzhenitsyn drew his fictions of "Campland," his "invisible country" which is "not in the geography books, or in the psychology books or in the history books." Solzhenitsyn used his own life to penetrate the "Potemkin facade" of Soviet illusion, and by working close to the quick arrived at that point where private pain and general history converge.

Yet for all his topicality, for all his unremitting, irreconcilable criticism of the state Stalin wrought, Solzhenitsyn is – as Rothberg convincingly sees him

– a moral and not a political writer, our contemporary in his preoccupation with the possibility of somehow clinging to the human in extreme situations, eternally Russian in his lonely (very well, then: heroic) obsession with the everlasting dilemmas of the moral life. In passing, Rothberg makes astute critical observations and leaves them for others to explore – for example, the vivid and (for Soviet literature) original construction of a literary idiom out of prison, peasant and pornographic slang. But his purposes are not primarily critical; instead he has provided a valuable, finely detailed map of the lie of the land in Solzhenitsyn's no longer invisible country.

Craft and Vision: The Best Fiction from the Sewanee Review

Edited by Andrew Lytle
(Delacorte Press; \$12.50)

From the past thirty years of America's oldest literary quarterly comes this fiction collection, gathered by its current editor, Andrew Lytle, and trailing fugitive but enduring clouds of glory. The seventeen authors represented include some of the canonized names: Faulkner, Caroline Gordon, Flannery O'Connor, Robert Penn Warren, and Eudora Welty. The essentially mandarin quality of *Sewanee* is expressed in the Editor's Foreword: "We offer the reader a variety of actions, but actions which have a common view. Knowledge is always superior to sensation. Nor will sensation and appetite in themselves serve as a substitute for the work of art." One can only be thankful for such words, especially when the stories that follow do not mock them.

These stories are solid, well-conceived tales that fall within the editorial spectrum: that is, they articulate their respective meanings for the mind rather than inject them in the viscera. The seventeen stories average out to something over ten thousand words per story – a Jamesian amplitude. One of the better ones, however, is also the shortest: Thomas E. Adams' "Sled." Another of the better tales is "The Guide," by the Editor himself, present in the exercise of that honest and venerable prerogative of an editor to include one of his own works. The stories of Faulkner, O'Connor, Welty, et al, are also worthy, and the book is handsomely made and done.

Guardians of Tradition

by Ruth Miller Elson

(University of Nebraska Press;
\$2.95 paper, \$7.00 cloth)

Nineteenth-century American school-books for the first eight years of schooling were solidly loaded with basic value judgments. The judgments were in fact their "stock in trade," for the primary pedagogical impulse of the time was to make character by the indoctrination of tender minds with morality, manners, principles. Among the chief values that Ruth Miller Elson finds asserted in the thousand textbooks she examined were "love of country, love of God, duty to parents, the necessity to develop habits of thrift, honesty and hard work in order to accumulate property, the certainty of progress, the perfection of the United States." The values she rather astonishingly neglects, since so many books she studied were grammars and readers, are the literary and verbal values that were promulgated in the 19th century and beyond (such as: read Shakespeare for uplift, and don't say ain't), but her dubious reason for the omission is that "only those aspects of schoolbooks related to their social and cultural content... will be considered." In any event the book, originally published in 1964 and now reissued as a paperback, is a clear, simply organized summary of many of our early national assumptions. To read these assembled textbook prejudices involving race, nationality and religion is to ask why and how they could have persisted through the decades of heaviest immigration. Prof. Elson's modest but reasonable answer is that the 19th century was a period of doubt about the nature of America and the American character, and therefore a period in which as compensation the moralist pedagogues rushed in to de-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM L. O'NEILL is the editor of *Women at Work*, a volume to be published this month (*Quadrangle*). J. BARRIE SHEPHERD is chaplain at Connecticut College.

#1

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fine America. She adds that such definition is "a function required in few other societies. To be English, French or German is usually taken for granted, but Americans have always worried about what 'Americanness' is, and whether they have it." Perhaps then, though Elson does not say this, it is because Americanness may now at last be taken for granted that the general thrust of schoolbooks has recently changed so much. Now our ministers and pedagogues are sufficiently secure about our national identity to feel little need to trump up a pretty one.

My Life

by Sir Oswald Mosley

(Arlington House; \$12.95)

For obvious reasons *The New Republic* doesn't normally review books from England that have not found a publisher over here. An important exception was Oswald Mosley's autobiography, which was reviewed in 1968 (NR, December 7) by Hugh Massingham, a fine British journalist who died a month ago. The book has now appeared in this country. Massingham began by observing that "Fascism was one of the ugliest manifestations of our rather ugly age," that Mosley before World War II was Britain's leading Fascist with all the trimmings, and that he remained unrepentant in his autobiography: for example, "Hitler emerges as a rather reasonable, decent man." Yet Mosley was brilliant, and extraordinarily right in many of his perceptions about Britain in the '30s. If he had not broken with the Labour Party and gone off on his tangent, he might well have become one of the great English politicians of his

generation. Massingham concludes, "He had thought of himself as the Roosevelt of the British crisis and if he had been given his head, he might well have been as great a figure as Roosevelt. He failed, and one still wonders why. Was he arrogant? Yes. Was he impatient? Undoubtedly. Did he understand democracy? No. Was he spoiled? Of course. He did not go to Eton. He was never at Oxford or Cambridge. He was always a lone wolf and lone wolves are certain to be cornered and exterminated. And for all Sir Oswald's present boasting, this is what happened to him a long, long time ago. He is not a contemporary figure, he is a curiosity. To have so much talent and to throw it so recklessly away - is this not a Shakespearean tragedy? Sir Oswald's sins are manifest. Yet was his guilt and blindness worse than Ramsay MacDonald's, who presided over England's decline? Was it worse than Baldwin's who, through laziness, failed to rearm Britain when Hitler came to power? Was he worse than Chamberlain, who was prepared to make a deal with Hitler?"

"History will take care of these questions. Mosley may be worth only a footnote, and yet his failure in a way illuminates the muddle and tragedy that led up to the Second World War. He began by being a man of goodwill, determined to transform a moribund society. He ended as a hateful, hating man who has no excuse for his behavior, and old man alone with his dreams."

The New Soldier

Edited by David Thorne and George Butler

(Collier; \$3.95)

Vietnam Veterans Against the War, 1100 of them, came last April to Washington to tell what it's like to be yanked from their homes and futures and sent to slaughter the Vietnamese people and pillage their countryside. This book documents their futile efforts to stop the war in a moving montage of black and white photographs that show what they've become: "new" soldiers, wearing army fatigues and long hair and beards, looking like martian freaks. Some hobble on crutches, others hunch in wheelchairs forever armless and legless. They march down the broad leafy avenues of Washington; they talk with congressmen in business suits - and how out of place they look. Nixon tried

to get rid of them, Mitchell threatened to arrest the lot if they didn't clear the Mall at nightfall, but they didn't clear the Mall and weren't arrested; they walked one by one past the Capitol steps and hurled their medals of war at the white dome of government. It was the most memorable protest of the anti-war movement.

Memories of the fighting in Vietnam, supplement photos. Most of the prose is drawn from testimony presented at the Winter Soldier Investigation last February in Detroit, stories of how American boys, some still teenagers, pushed Cong out of helicopters, sliced breasts off Vietnamese girls, crushed little boys beneath convoy trucks. Against these inconceivable atrocities the soldiers' protests seem incidental. The book is a record of their agony.

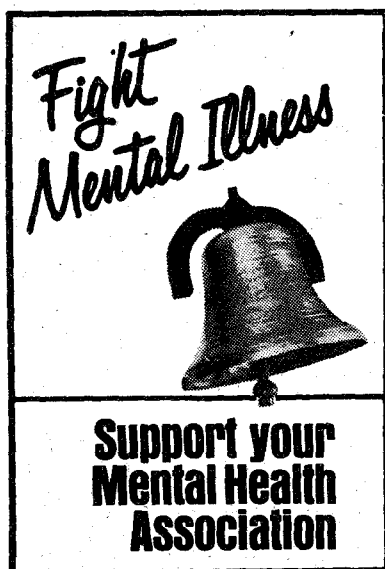
The Room

by Hubert Selby, Jr.

(Grove Press; \$5.95)

At the celebrated obscenity trial in Britain some years ago of Hubert Selby's *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, a world-famous, knighted bookseller testifying for the prosecution confessed, if not in all seriousness, that the book had had a corrupting and depraving effect on him - that oddity being the hangman's language of the criminal statutes. The effect on the less susceptible of Selby's total fascination with corruption and depravity (which is another matter again) is more likely to be depressing, and it may even be demoralizing, it being the nature of Selby's compulsive talent that once he sets himself to the delineation of the truly grotesque pastimes of his marginally human characters, he won't let go. Typically Selby writes his way into the core of a pustulant episode and remains there long after he has x-rayed it from every conceivable angle; he achieves his effects by massive bombardment, sheer overkill.

In *The Room* Selby narrows his focus to the nearly irreducible: the head of a psychopath of amputated consciousness and desperately limited expressive resources. The "room" is a prison cell; the nameless prisoner is awaiting arraignment for a crime the nature of which doesn't matter and which in any case is kept deliberately obscure, though it's probably nothing more heinous than attempted robbery of an overcoat. All of the book is a spilling out, a violent ejection of the sparse contents of



his mind: a few humiliating incidents in childhood; a few of adolescent sex of the smellier sort. Most of the time he releases appalling fantasies of punishment and revenge bodied forth in inventive and odious sadistic imaginings; and of delusions of omnipotence.

But throughout there is the narrator's disembodied voice shrieking obscenities, unrelieved by the smallest modulations, as if it had only the highest register and nothing below. It isn't music but it will shatter plate glass.

Down to Now

by Pat Watters'

(Pantheon; \$8.95)

There's something bittersweet and tragic about Pat Watters' new book on the early civil rights movement. He's written not a history, but an eloquent eulogy on the rise and fall of the spirit, the brother and sisterhood that blacks and whites shared in the period of the freedom rides, the lunch-counter sit-ins, the infancy of SNCC and voter registration drives. Somehow, and Watters tries desperately to discover how, that spirit was soon replaced by dissension, violence and fatalism.

Watters, a journalist, who wrote *The South and the Nation*, a superb account of the social and political transformation of the South, touches briefly on the major civil rights events of the early '60s but gives most of his attention to "energy, fresh hope, creative force, redemptive love." He describes "the joy, the fervor" of poor blacks singing spirituals "night after night in the packed-in heat" of churches, drenched in the charisma of leaders like King and Ralph Abernathy, punctuating sermons with "Yes yes Lord" and "Well amen." He resurrects sermons that are historically insignificant, but brilliant nevertheless—valuable memories of Dr. King.

He returns in 1970 to look up old friends who sat in those same churches, trying to understand the spirit that has been lost and to think of ways of bringing it back. But he sometimes wonders, "Was it ever there at all?" as if he had witnessed a religious miracle, then realized he dreamed it. *Down to Now* is a personal diary culled from envelopes and shredded notebooks that Watters filled in the magic of the moment. He's given us an intense, emotional history of civil rights that no one has produced before.

Reconsideration

Hutchins Hapgood

Hutchins Hapgood (1869-1944), lover, writer, traveler, hedonist, was a friend of Mabel Dodge Luhan, Alfred Stieglitz, Theodore Dreiser, Floyd Dell, Emma Goldman, and just about everyone worth knowing among the artists, radicals and bohemians of New York from the late 1890s to World War I. These were his creative years, when Hapgood

A Victorian in the Modern World

by Hutchins Hapgood

Originally published in 1939

by Harcourt, Brace.

Out of print.

wrote most of his eight books, including *The Spirit of the Ghetto* (1902) on which his reputation largely rests. It was a product of Hapgood's experience with the *Commercial Advertiser*, a New York newspaper where Lincoln Steffens, his glory days still in the future, had collected a brilliant staff of journalists—Norman Hapgood, Hutchins' brother and later a famous progressive magazine editor, Abraham Cahen who would someday lead the *Jewish Daily Forward* to greatness and write a classic immigrant novel *The Rise of David Levinsky*, and Neith Boyce, among others. Steffens encouraged them to write personal, dramatic sketches of New York's people and events. Hapgood did three or four a week on criminals, labor leaders, anyone else he found interesting or picturesque. Thanks to Abraham Cahen he knew the Lower East Side intimately and wrote about it with affection. *The Spirit of the Ghetto*, wonderfully illustrated by Jacob Epstein, is still an absorbing description of Jewish social and cultural life at a time when the ghetto was vigorous and cohesive.

Hapgood knew many anarchists and at times affected a bland radicalism himself. He was an early enthusiast for trade unions, as shown by his *The Spirit of Labor* (1907), but he seems never to have participated in a strike or political rally. Mostly, and after 1914 when retired to live on his private income almost exclusively, he cultivated his sensibilities, as he thought, drank, womanized, and loafed. *A Victorian in the Modern World* complacently

records his misspent life in a slack, wordy style light years removed from *The Spirit of the Ghetto*. Yet the book is fascinating. Hapgood was an early rebel against Victorian moral conventions who lived to see what had been daring become commonplace. His reactions to sexual freedom and feminism alone make *A Victorian* valuable as social history, if not as literature.

While he resented Victorian sexual prejudices, Hapgood came to think Victorian moral clarity desirable. Indeed, part of the pleasure of middle-class New York bohemianism at the century's turn was the high-toned moral background against which it was lived. "There was a feeling all around of a secure world, of unchanging values, a moral order to which one could at least retreat. And those who departed from it felt that they were departing from it, and did not violently maintain they were right in so doing. On the contrary, they were generally humble-minded." He was tempted by the anarchist practice of free love, but concluded that it didn't work. Their "unnatural idealism" led anarchists not only to tolerate but to encourage their wives or sweethearts to have affairs. "This is called varietism, and [is] supposed to be hygienic and stimulating to the imagination," he said, but thought that in practice it led to guilt and jealousy, that anarchists suffered the normal consequences of infidelity plus the added shame of abandoning principle. He had had affairs, but the post-War I young seemed to him merely promiscuous; "the future mothers of the race" had lost the instinct for self-protection; they did not make love but only dissipated. He envied the young for having been given a sexual freedom he had struggled to achieve—"physical life is more beautiful now," he wrote—but he didn't envy what he thought was their "destructive consciousness," a legacy of the war, prohibition, and an ethic of personal freedom he himself had earlier championed.

Hapgood's double standard was most apparent when he wrote about feminism and women's roles. He once told a Greenwich Village girl who was quarrelling with her lover over their respective infidelities that she was more guilty

than he: a woman had to be more highly motivated than a man to cheat; the betrayed lover's hurt was thus far greater than anything a wronged woman could feel. He bitterly resented feminists who believed there was a male conspiracy against women, for instance Marie Jenny Howe, the wife of Frederic Howe a well known reformer. Hapgood said that Marie gave Frederic much trouble because, while they were intellectually compatible and in love, he could not be demonstrative and passionate towards her, and she mistakenly felt this was part of man's inhumanity to woman. Hapgood concluded that she did not understand the facts of life and history and so blamed all her problems on men, as did her kindred spirits in a feminist organization called the Heterodoxy. Strong women predominate among the few people Hapgood was unkind to in his book, or admitted having been cruel to in life. Once when drunk Hapgood informed Susan Glasspell, who had just lost her adored husband George Cram Cook, that by being too practical she had killed Cook's spirit.

Perhaps Hapgood felt the same about his own wife, Neith Boyce. They had married in the nineties when both worked for Steffens on the *Commercial Advertiser*. She was a talented writer of conventional morals and required much persuasion before marrying him. Afterwards, she continued writing but never had the career she seemed pointed toward. She and he were often apart for long periods while she raised the family and he traveled or worked. They fought, though about what he failed

to say. In fact Hapgood rarely mentions her, though his book was written after 40 years of marriage. She was beautiful and had, he hints, at least one affair of her own. He had many. She had opportunities surely, but even one affair would have been too many for Hapgood, given his double standard. According to Mabel Dodge, who cannot be trusted, his main grievance was that his wife denied his soul, that is, withheld total intimacy—much the same complaint as Marie Howe's. Neith allegedly told Hutchins that love was a misunderstanding between a man and a woman, an assertion he thought outrageous.

The point is not that Hapgood was a bad man, though vain, self-centered and sensual to an extraordinary degree, but that he lived through a period of unprecedented moral change which he recognized and commented on, but could not accept. Having himself become liberated sexually he was in a position to sympathize with women who also wanted freedom, and as a radical of sorts it was his plain duty to support the women's cause. Instead he railed against feminists in print and in Mabel Dodge's salon. He loved women, but he loved them in their place. His wife was expected to run the house and live up to his romantic expectations. His daughters were to be chaste and dutiful (one of his few references to them is that in the 1920s he clashed tragically with his younger daughter "who belonged with a vengeance to the youthful school, possessing to the full the crowd virtues and the unthinking reactions" against the old morality).

Once he saw the consequences of feminine emancipation, or rather that limited freedom following World War I, he didn't like it. He wrote warmly of people who, like himself and Neith Boyce, stayed married despite their problems. He seems at the end to have decided that Victorian morality, though stupid, was better than its alternatives. In the old days one could sin with pleasure, if a man, confident that no harm would come to society or posterity because the rules held firm. Radical pretensions and bohemian manners notwithstanding, he was a Victorian gentleman who thought it right that men should have their pleasure and women pay the price. Hapgood is instructive not because he was a Victorian, but because he was a man in a time like ours when feminism was pushing men back on themselves. Now, as then, the stress of sexual conflict reveals things

about us that we would rather not know and frequently, like Hapgood, cannot admit. We do not have the option of falling back on past standards as he did. What we do have is a chance to handle matters better this second time around.

William L. O'Neill

Kauffmann, from page 24

film, and I'm not about to settle the matter here; but I suggest that we all lie about this matter as much/as about pornography. If a violent picture is entertaining (or better), we may tsk-tsk later but we enjoy it. If it's not well done, we deplore it. Surely there are more killings in *The Wild Bunch* than in *Straw Dogs*, but the former flays open the viewer to reveal his own neural system and the latter lacks real conviction. *The French Connection* is exciting, *Dirty Harry* is disgusting; the difference is not in numbers or methods of murders but in our involvement with characters and story. Possibly there's an inference here. If we put aside the question of the juvenile audience, about which no one really seems to know much, the way to solve the Violence Problem in films is to make violent films well.

I love Vittorio De Sica's films of his best period, from the end of World War II to 1952, preeminently *The Bicycle Thief* and *Miracle in Milan*. I love the best film of his subsequent career, *Two Women* (1961). And I'm very fond of some of his marinara-sauce films like *Marriage Italian Style* (1965). But I don't like *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*. It attempts a serious theme and is neither good art nor good show biz.

The script, based on Giorgio Bassani's novel, deals with the Italian Jews of Ferrara between 1938 and 1943 as the Fascists increasingly ape Nazi anti-Semitism. The Finzi-Continis are rich and cultivated Jews; their immense, beautiful estate is a haven from the world, rendered insecure. The film ends with them being gathered up with other Jews for shipment to camps.

The subject of the Jews under Mussolini has never been the main matter of a film, as far as I know; it's an interesting idea and I wish the result had been better. The fundamental flaw is the script.

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The story is about the love of a middle-class Jewish youth for the Finzi-Contini daughter and her inability to return anything but sisterly love. So the chief motions of the plot are utterly divorced from the theme. There are plenty of peripheral incidents that deal with growing Fascist oppression, but the plot is simply not an engine of the idea; it's only a time-filler, to plug the gap between the seeming safety of 1938 and the inevitabilities of 1943. The boy-girl story, as such, could have been between Catholics in Brazil.

De Sica has lavishly contributed shortcomings of his own. Nothing that can be sugared is left plain. The camera zooms as if this were the first time he had directed and he couldn't get over his delight with lenses. The colors are like endless boxes of candied fruit. The editing flutters with nervousness, and that weariest of pastoral shots, the camera looking upward as it moves along under trees, is used repeatedly. De Sica is weeping right along with his sad story, and his tears get very much in the way of ours.

The post-recording is bad. Helmut Berger and (the beautiful) Dominique Sanda are very noticeably dubbed by other actors. The rest have been rerecorded in studios with a poor sense of aural equivalence to the settings and planes.

A dozen years ago De Sica played the title role - excellently - in *General della Rovere* for Roberto Rossellini. In the last episode, before his execution by Germans, he waits with a group of condemned Italians, among whom are some Jews. I'm still moved by remembering them. I wasn't moved by the Finzi-Continis, and will forget them.

Television Note. Don't miss *Film Odyssey*, a distinguished series of (mostly) foreign films on Public TV. Ask your local PBS station for time and day. Twenty-six weeks of undubbed, clearly subtitled, uncut, uninterrupted films, many of them followed by interviews with directors and critics. (Myself after the Bergman film in early June.)

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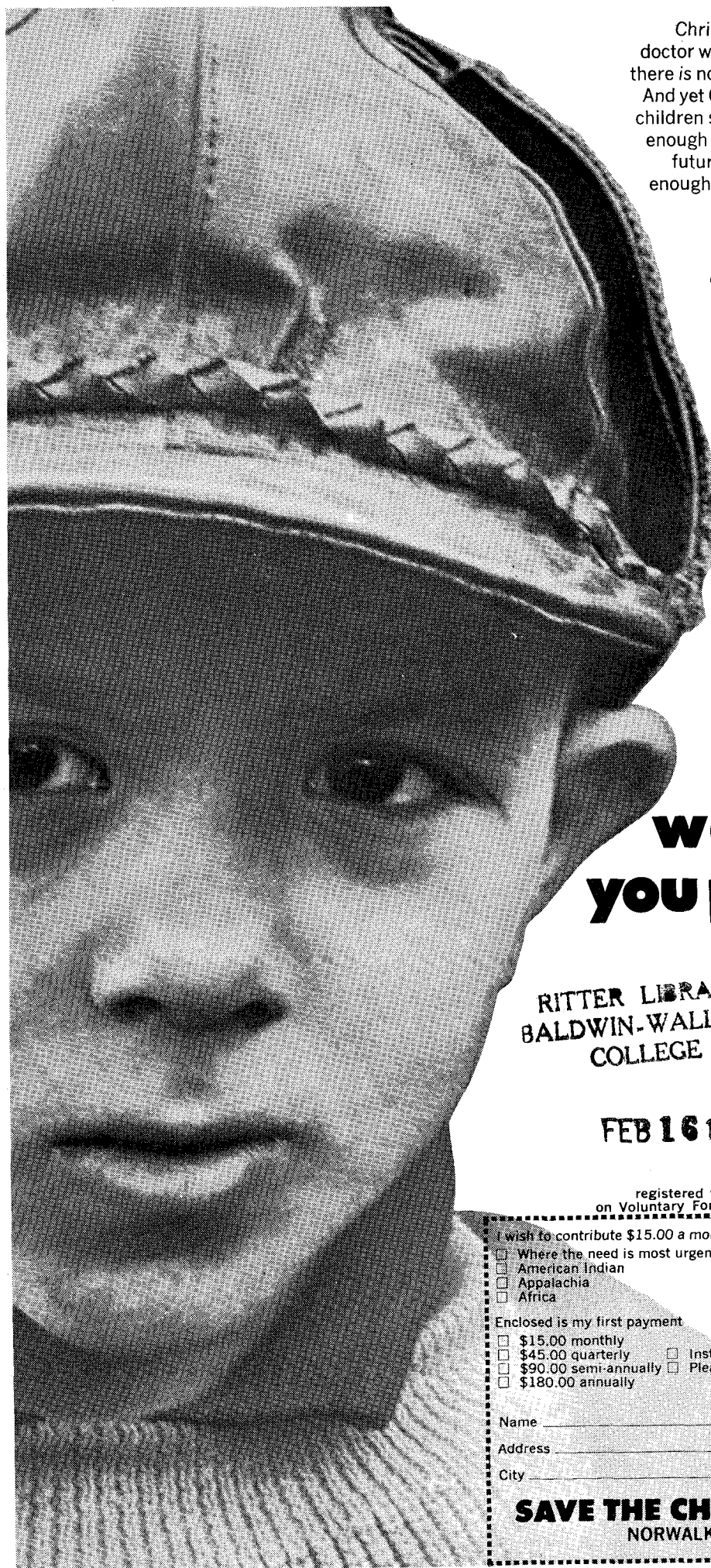
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